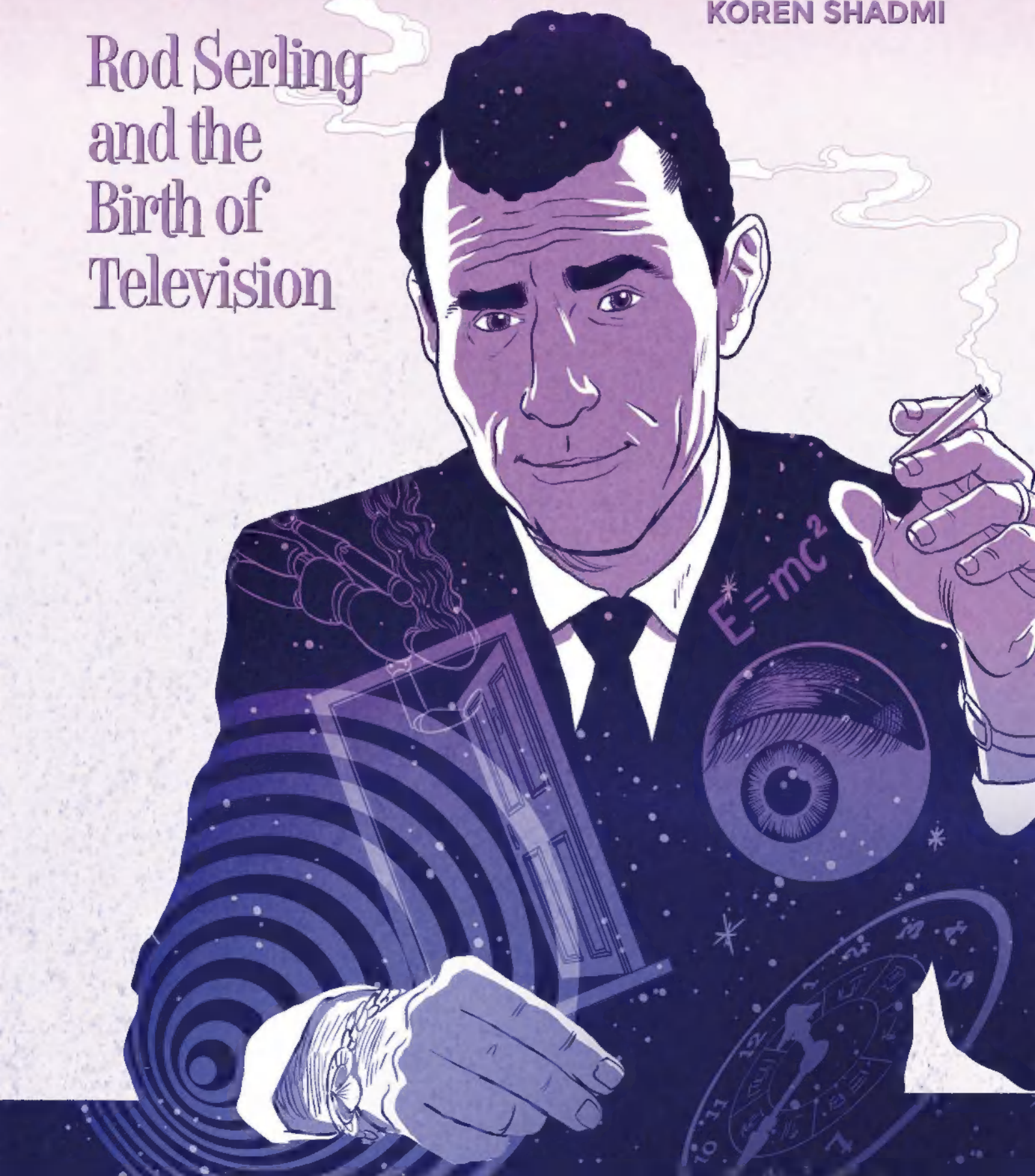


The TWILIGHT MAN

KOREN SHADMI

Rod Serling
and the
Birth of
Television



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Rod Serling and the Birth of Television



Life Drawn

Koren Shadmi

Story & Art



AndWorld Design

Letterer



Fabrice Sapolsky

Editor

Amanda Lucido

Assistant Editor

Jerry Frissen

Senior Art Director

Fabrice Giger

Publisher

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Dedicated to Aviv Shadmi.

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THE TWILIGHT MAN

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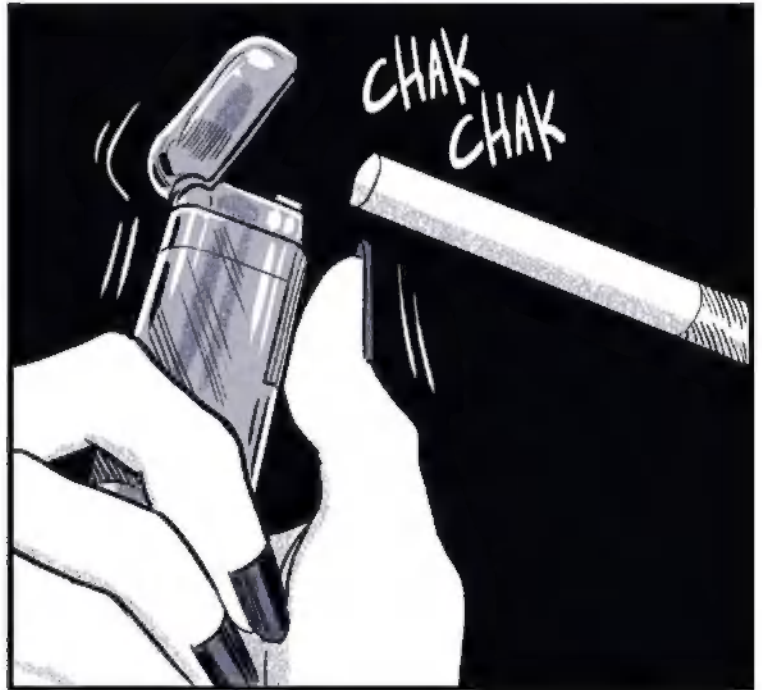
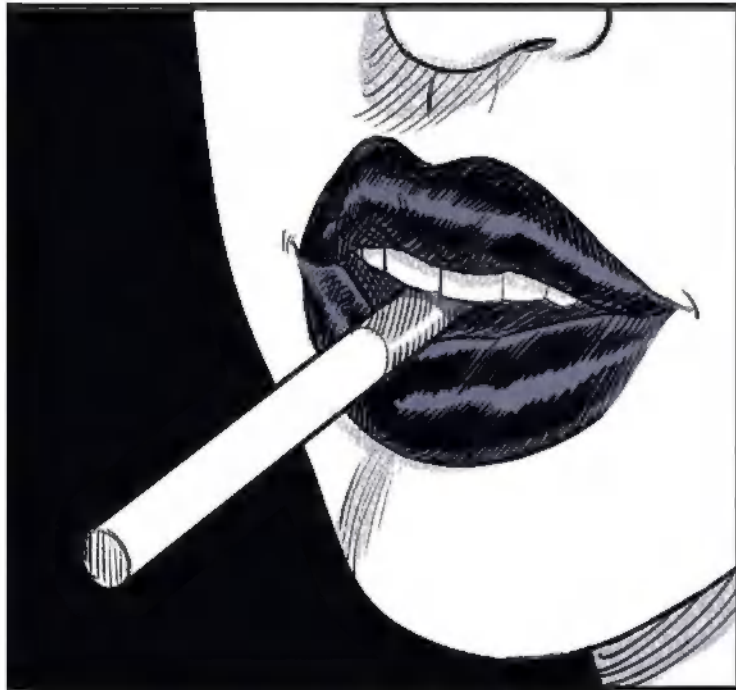
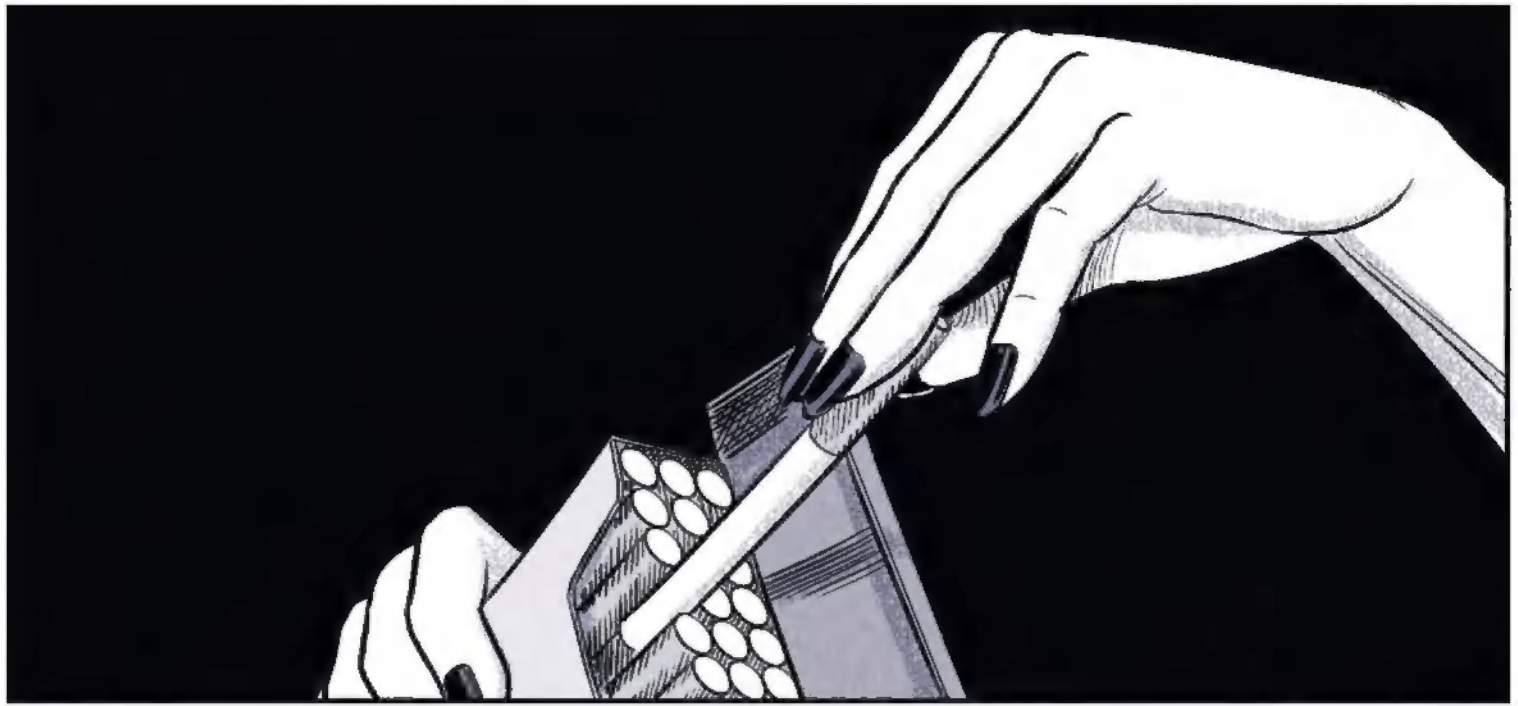
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PART I















THE YEAR: 1943.
THE PLACE: CAMP
TACCOA, GEORGIA.

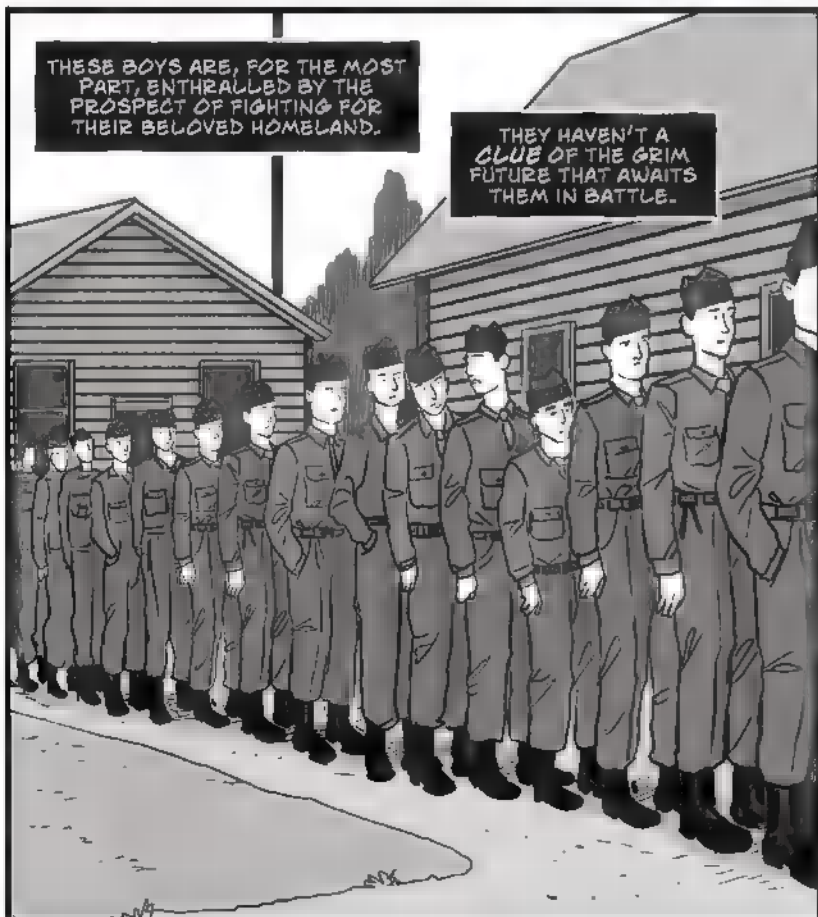
GATHERED HERE ARE A
GROUP OF BOYS WHO
THINK THEY ARE MEN.



THEY ARE ABOUT TO EMBARK ON
A RIGOROUS JOURNEY--A TRUE TEST OF
BODY AND SPIRIT. THOSE WHO MAKE THE CUT
WILL BECOME PART OF THE NEWLY FORMED
511TH PARACHUTE INFANTRY REGIMENT.

THESE BOYS ARE, FOR THE MOST
PART, ENTHRALLED BY THE
PROSPECT OF FIGHTING FOR
THEIR BELOVED HOMELAND.

THEY HAVEN'T A
CLUE OF THE GRIM
FUTURE THAT AWAITS
THEM IN BATTLE.



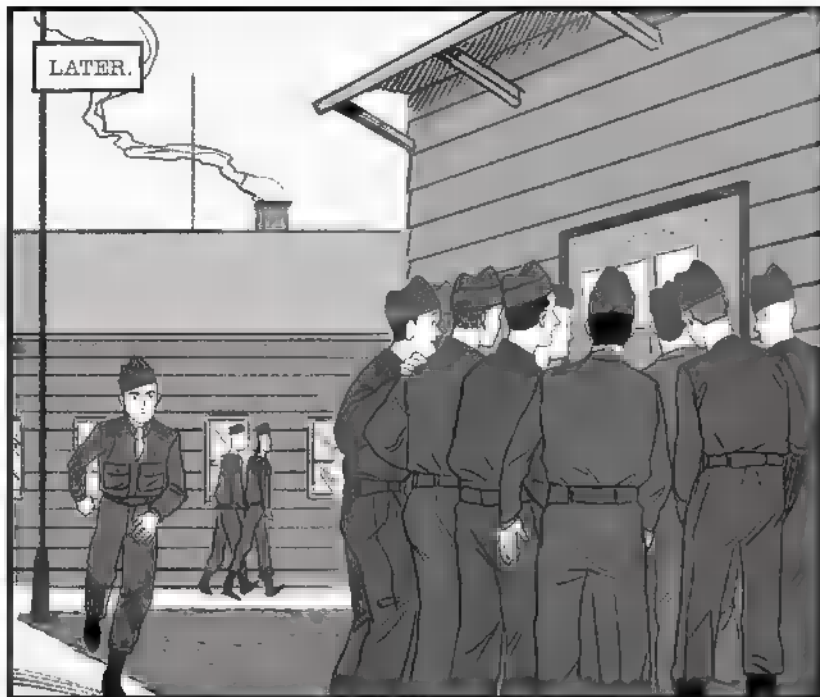
THIS PARTICULAR
SPECIMEN IS **PRIVATE
RODMAN SEELING**.
AGE EIGHTEEN.

A JEWISH BOY
FROM SMALL TOWN
BINGHAMTON,
NEW YORK.

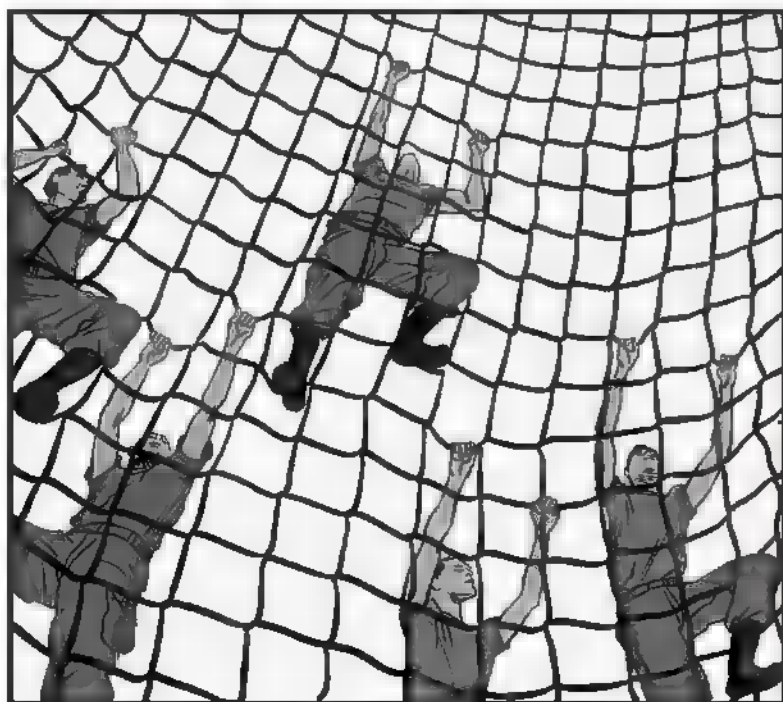


HE'S HELL-BENT ON
BECOMING A PARATROOPER.



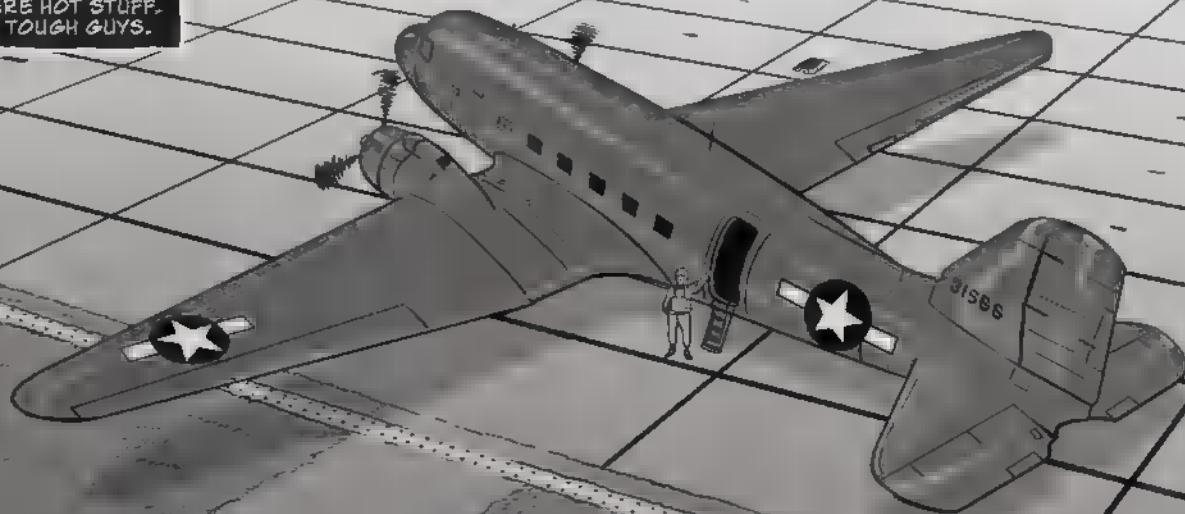






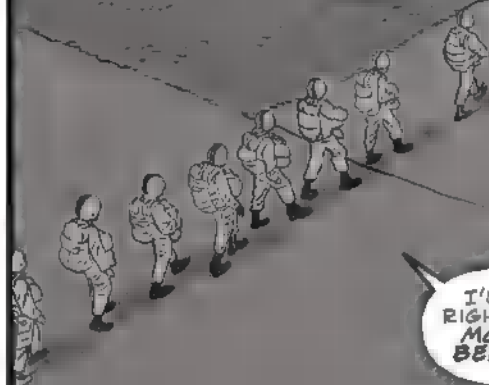
UPON COMPLETING BASIC
TRAINING, WE WERE OFF TO
JUMP SCHOOL AT FORT
BENNING, GEORGIA.

WE ALL THOUGHT
WE WERE HOT STUFF,
REAL TOUGH GUYS.



I'M GONNA
LAND RIGHT ON
TOP OF YOUR CHUTE,
McCAIB, HOW D'YA
LIKE THEM
APPLES?

I'LL LAND
RIGHT IN YOUR
MOTHER'S
BEDROOM.

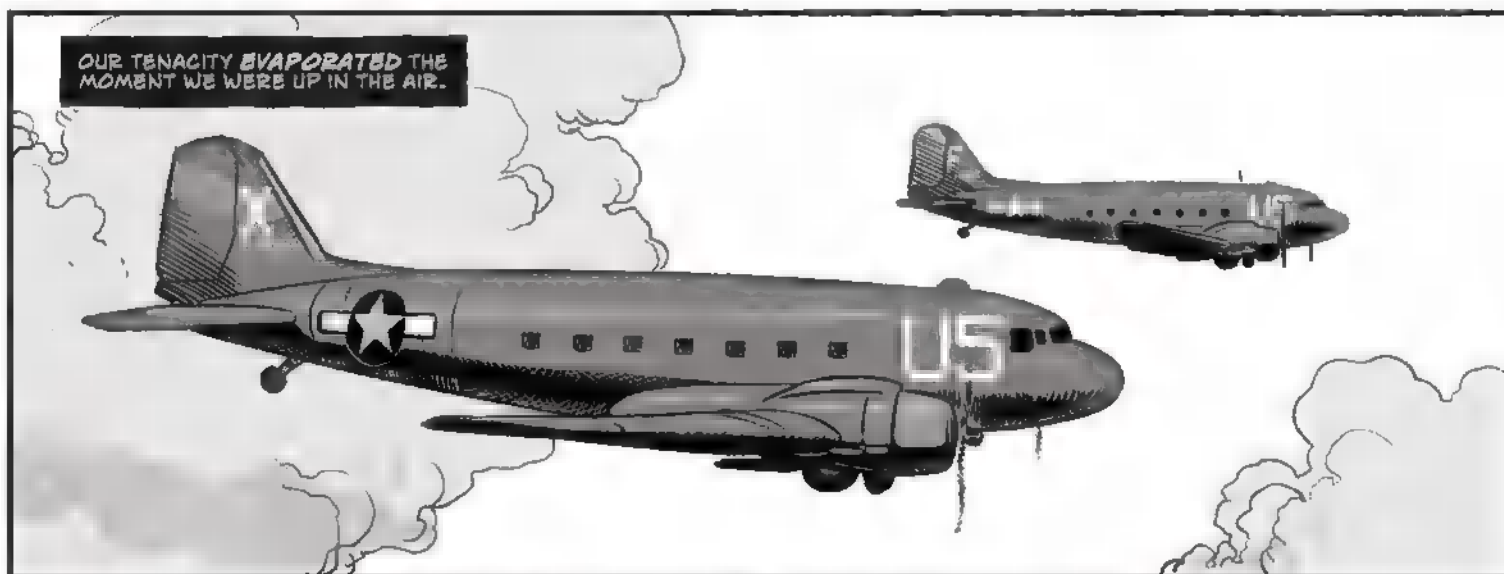
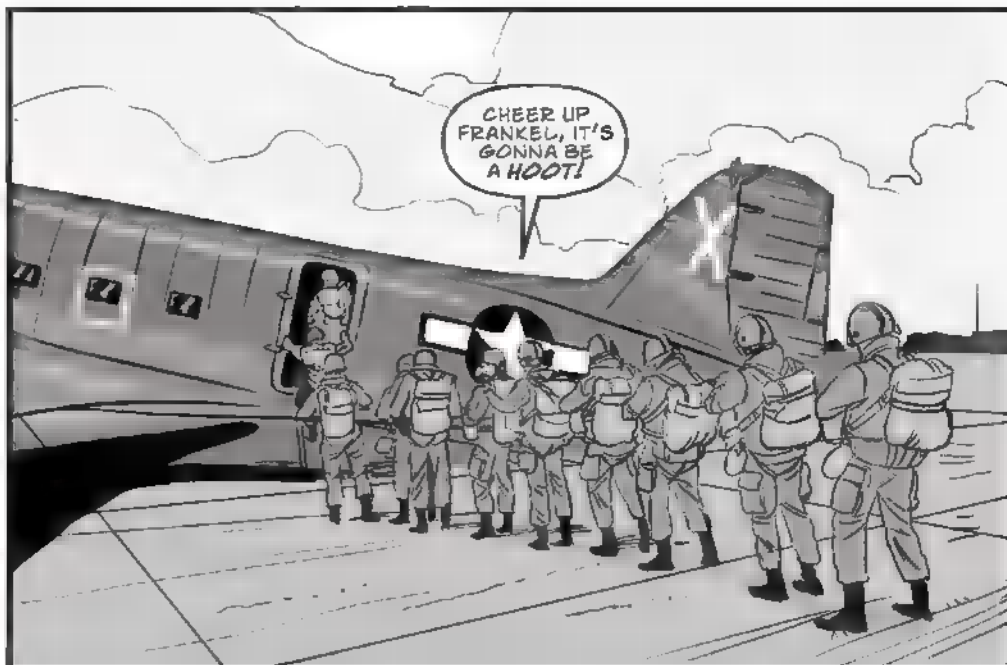


HEY SERLING,
I HEARD THEY
MADE A SPECIAL
CHILD-SIZED
RIG FOR YA!



HEY McCAIB,
FIVE BUCKS SAYS
FRANKEL HERE IS
GOING TO WET HIS
BRIEFS ON THE
JUMP.

YOU'RE
ON, SERLING!
LET'S TRY NOT
TO FLY UNDER
HIM!







THEN THE
CHUTE
OPENS...



YOU'RE JERKED
BACK WITH
TREMENDOUS
FORCE...

VOOOOSH!



...AND FLOODED WITH A
DEEP SENSE OF RELIEF, AS YOU
REALIZE THAT EVERYTHING RAN
ACCORDING TO PLAN.

YOU FLOAT GENTLY
TO THE GROUND, THANKING
THE HEAVENS THAT YOU'RE
STILL ALIVE.

WOOHOOO!



BY THE END OF JUMP SCHOOL, ONLY A THIRD OF US—
THE MOST RESILIENT OF THE BUNCH—MADE IT.



WE WERE NOW REAL
"PARAGUYS," PROUDLY
SPORTING OUR SHINY
SILVER WINGS.

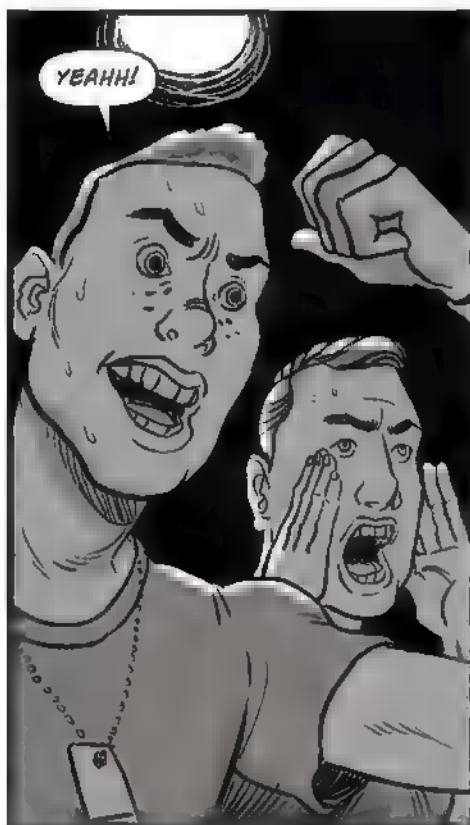


CONGRATULATIONS,
SERLING.



OUR NEXT STOP WAS
CAMP POLK, WHERE WE
WERE STATIONED FOR
MANEUVERS.

ALL OF A SUDDEN,
WE HAD PLENTY
OF TIME TO KILL.



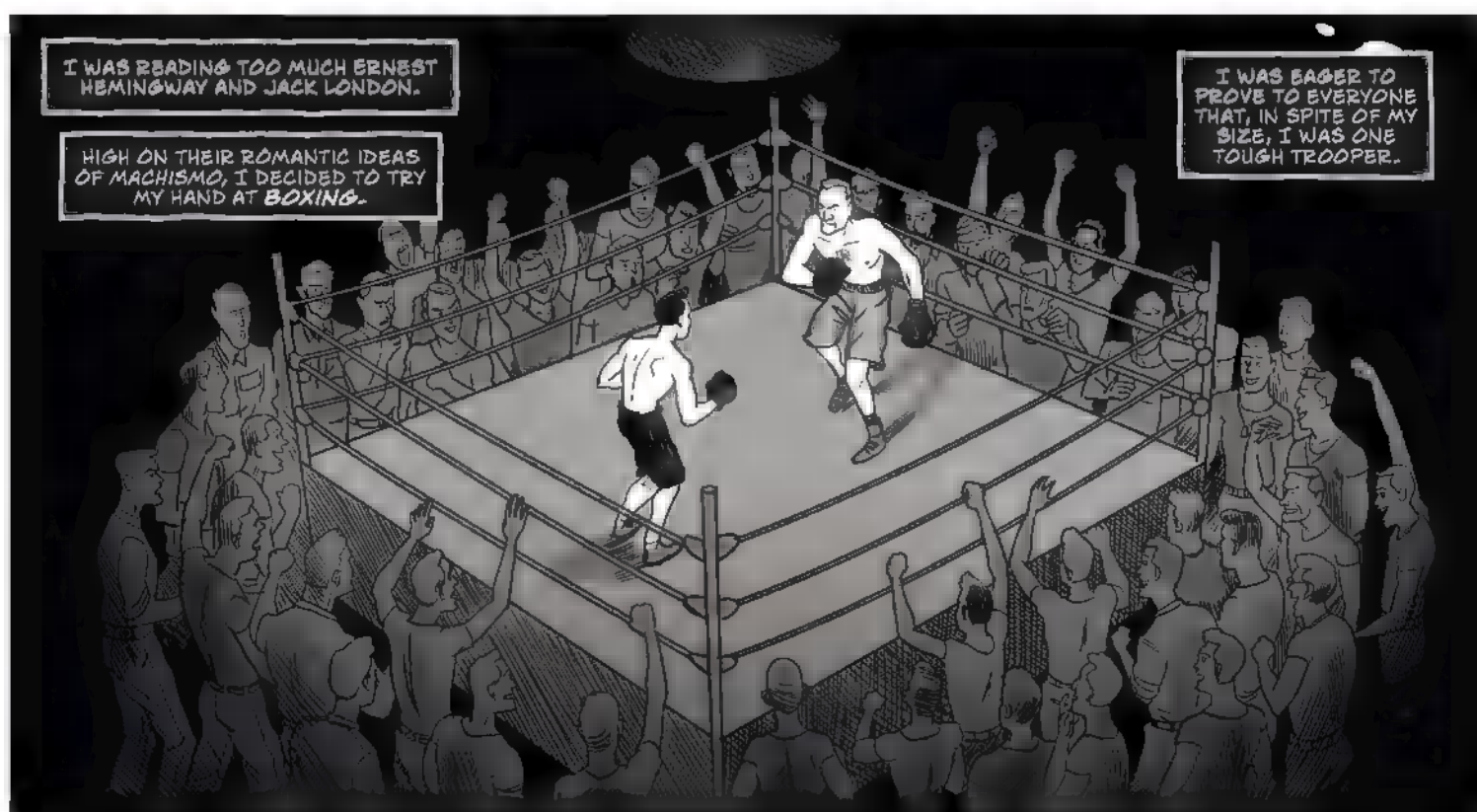
YEAHH!



FROM
THE RIGHT!
FROM THE
RIGHT!



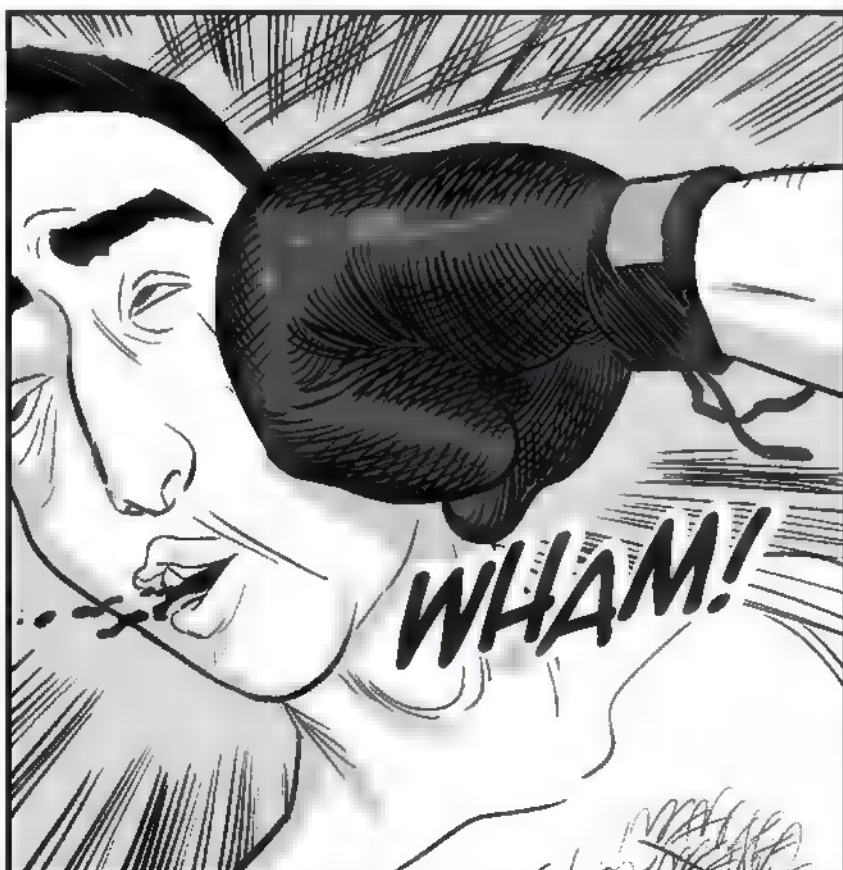
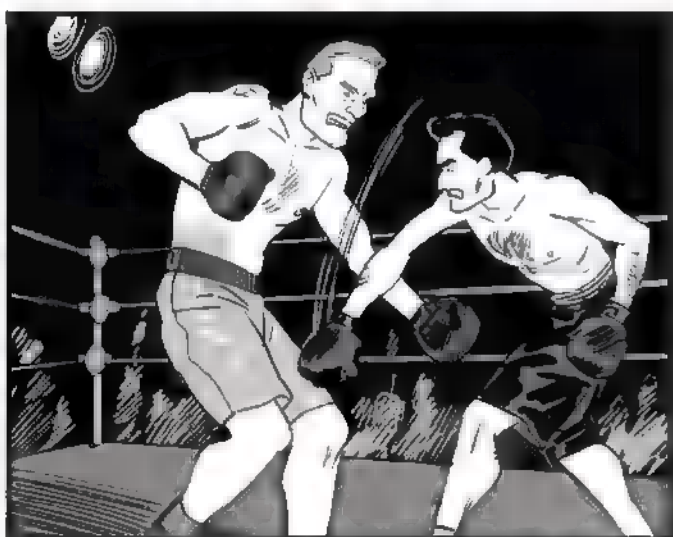
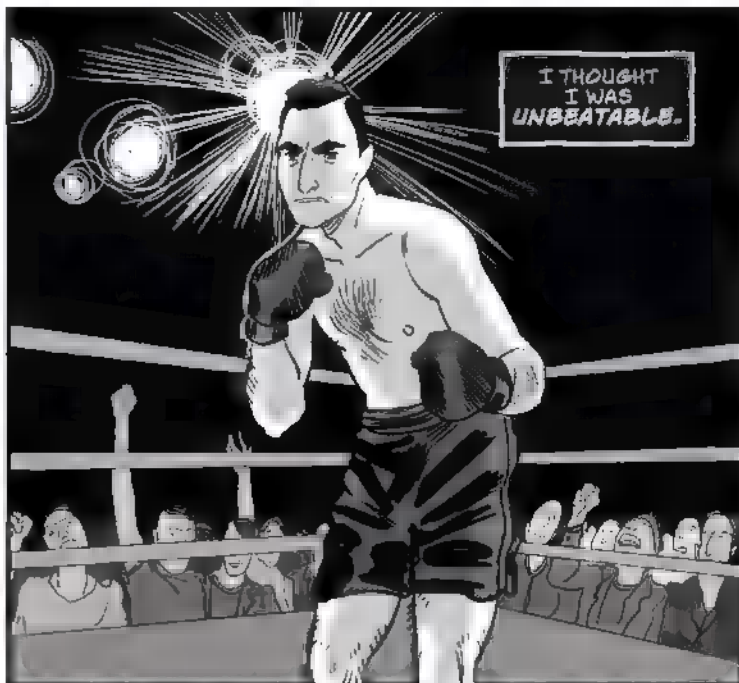
WOOOO!

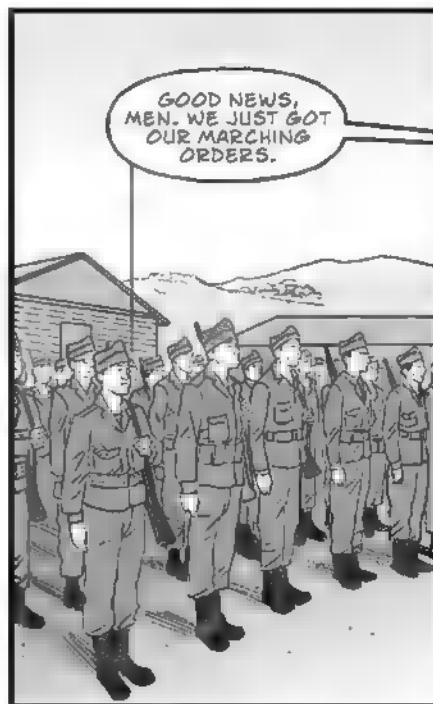


I WAS READING TOO MUCH ERNEST
HEMINGWAY AND JACK LONDON.

HIGH ON THEIR ROMANTIC IDEAS
OF MACHISMO, I DECIDED TO TRY
MY HAND AT BOXING.

I WAS EAGER TO
PROVE TO EVERYONE
THAT, IN SPITE OF MY
SIZE, I WAS ONE
TOUGH TROOPER.







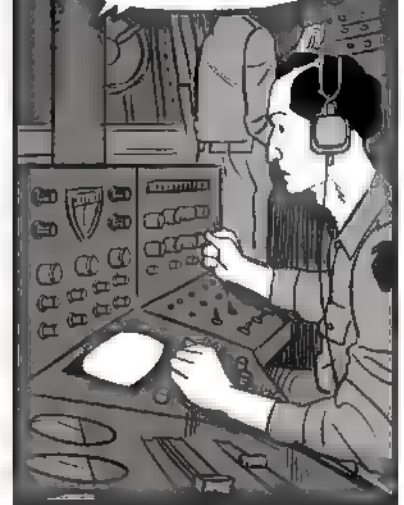
THE COMMANDERS KEPT
US IN THE DARK AS WE
SAILED UP THE PACIFIC.

WE WERE ITCHING FOR
BATTLE, BUT WE WOULDN'T
SEE IT FOR A WHILE.



SOMEHOW, THE
JAPANESE FOUND OUT
WE WERE COMING.

511TH PARACHUTE
INFANTRY ON THE U.S.S.
SEA PIKE—WE WELCOME
YOU TO THE PACIFIC
THEATER.



WE KNOW
YOU ARE ON YOUR
WAY TO ORO BAY,
NEW GUINEA.

REST
ASSURED:
YOU WILL BE
ATTACKED BY
SUBMARINES
ON YOUR
JOURNEY.



LATER.



COMICS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
AN INTELLECTUAL.

DON'T
BE A SNOB,
THERE'S SOME
GOOD STUFF
IN HERE.



EVEN A MARTIAN
COULD DO SHAKESPEARE
IF YOU'D ONLY GIVE HIM
HALF A CHANCE.



DESPITE THE OMINOUS THREAT
AND CHOPPY WATERS, WE
KEPT OUR SPIRITS UP.

WE CELEBRATED
THE NIGHT WE
PASSED THE
EQUATOR.

GOOTEN TAG
MENCHEN! YOUR
PAL, ZE FYUROR,
HERE.

ICH VANTED
TO TELL YOU: ZER IZ
EE BIG PROBLEMA VIZ
ZEE AMERICANZ.

ICH BIN HATE
ZEE AMERICANZ.
HATE ZEM!

BUT DEAR
GOTT...ZER
VEEMEN!

HAVE YOU
ZEEN ZEE AMERICAN
VEEMEN?! VIZ FRAULEIN
JANE RUSSELL.
OCH GOTT!

I WOULD LIKE
HER TO GIFF ME A
PRIVATE ZIG HEIL,
OH HH, VIZ HER TWO
HINDENBERGS!

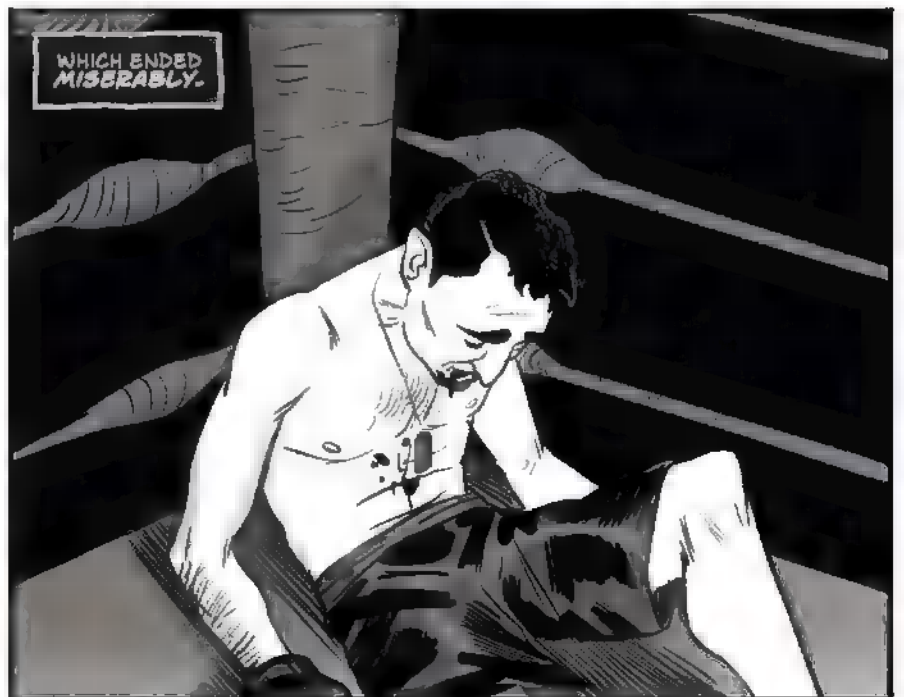
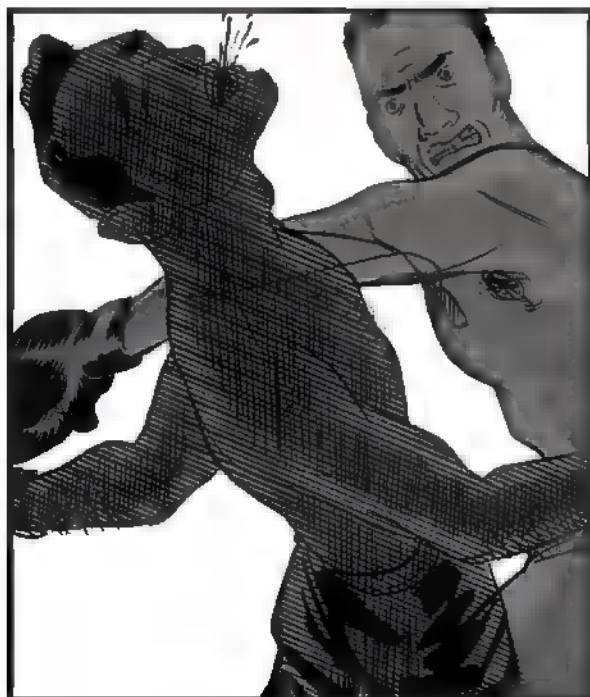
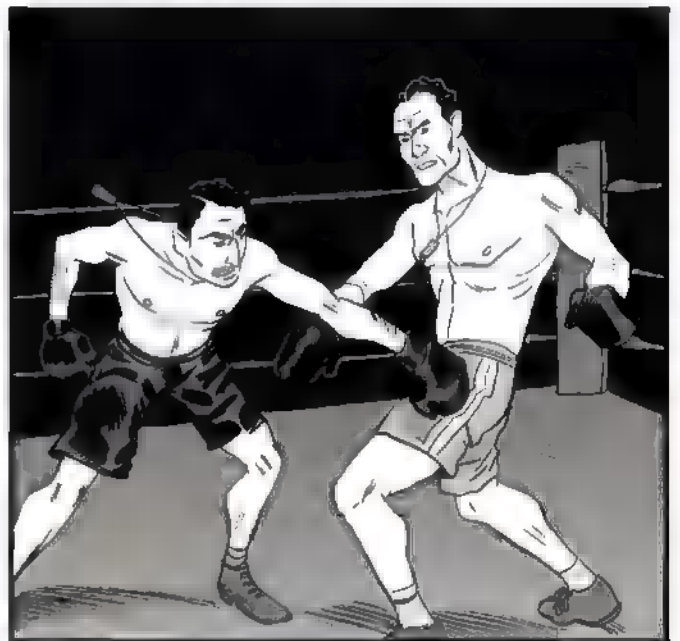
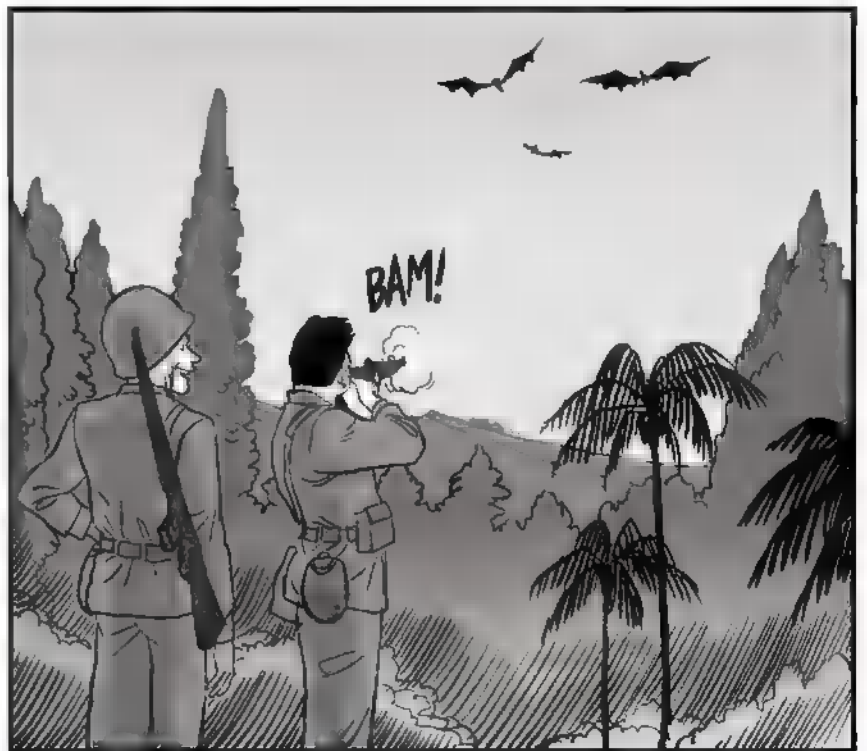
HAHAHAHAHA

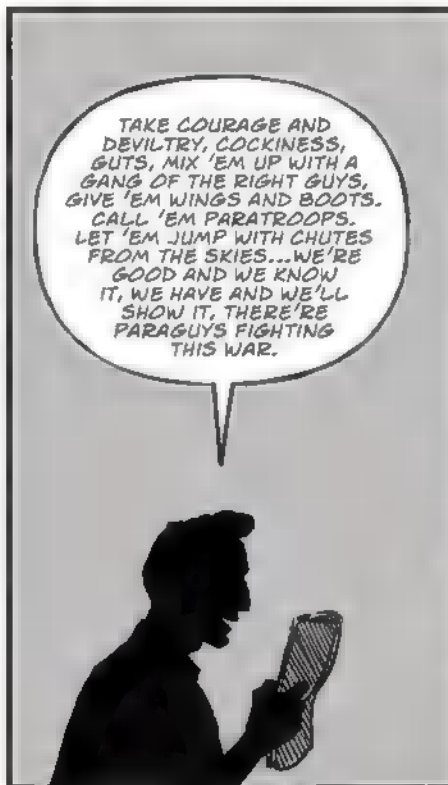


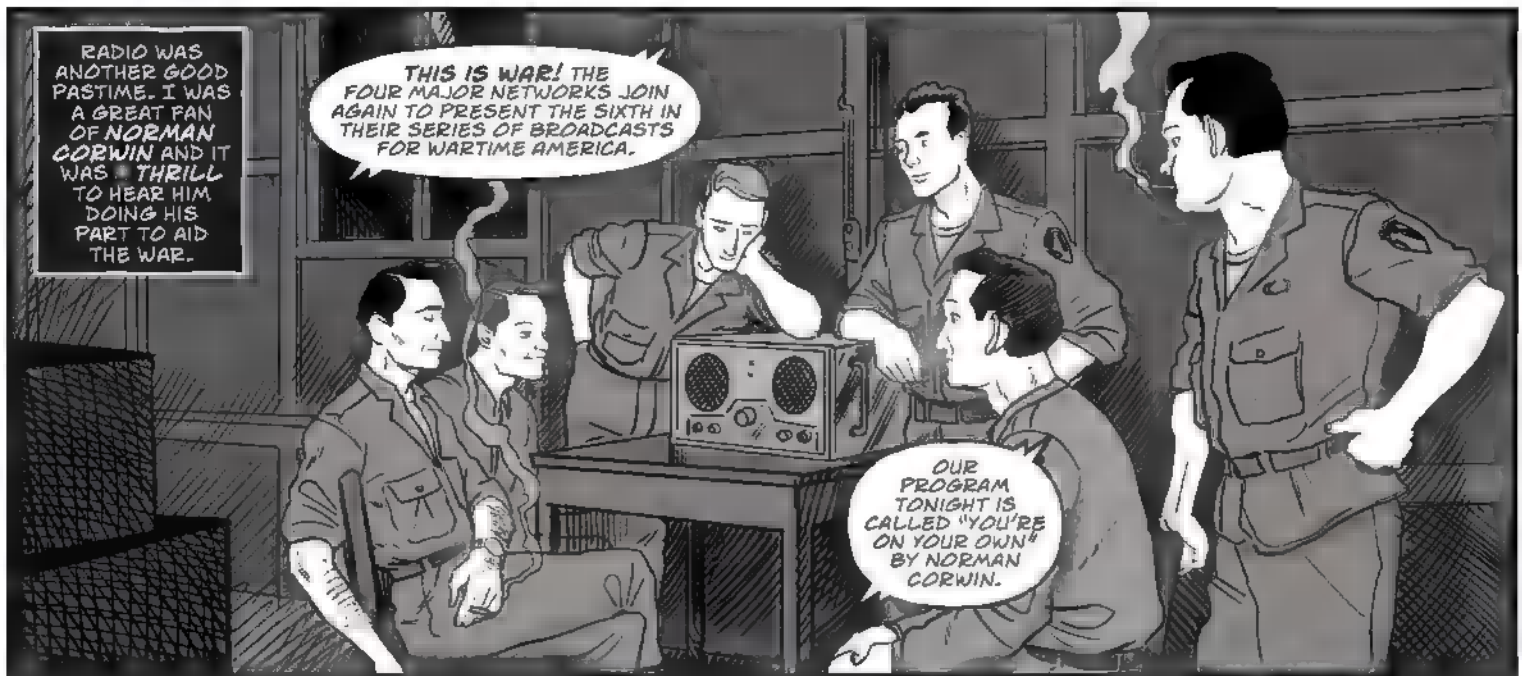
WE FINALLY ARRIVED IN NEW GUINEA, AND WERE ASSURED THAT WE WOULD SOON BE DEPLOYED ON A LARGE SCALE MISSION.

IN THE MEANTIME, WE WERE TO UNDERGO "JUNGLE TRAINING," WHICH IN REALITY, MEANT DOING A WHOLE LOT OF NOTHING.









ORDERS FINALLY
CAME IN.

SUDDENLY WE FOUND
OURSELVES IN THE MIDST
OF A SAVAGE JUNGLE ON
THE ISLAND OF LEYTE IN
THE PHILIPPINES.

THE ISLAND HAD BEEN WON
OVER BY OUR TROOPS BEFORE OUR
ARRIVAL, BUT POCKETS OF JAPANESE
SOLDIERS WERE STILL ENTRENCHED
IN CAVES WITHIN THE MOUNTAINS.

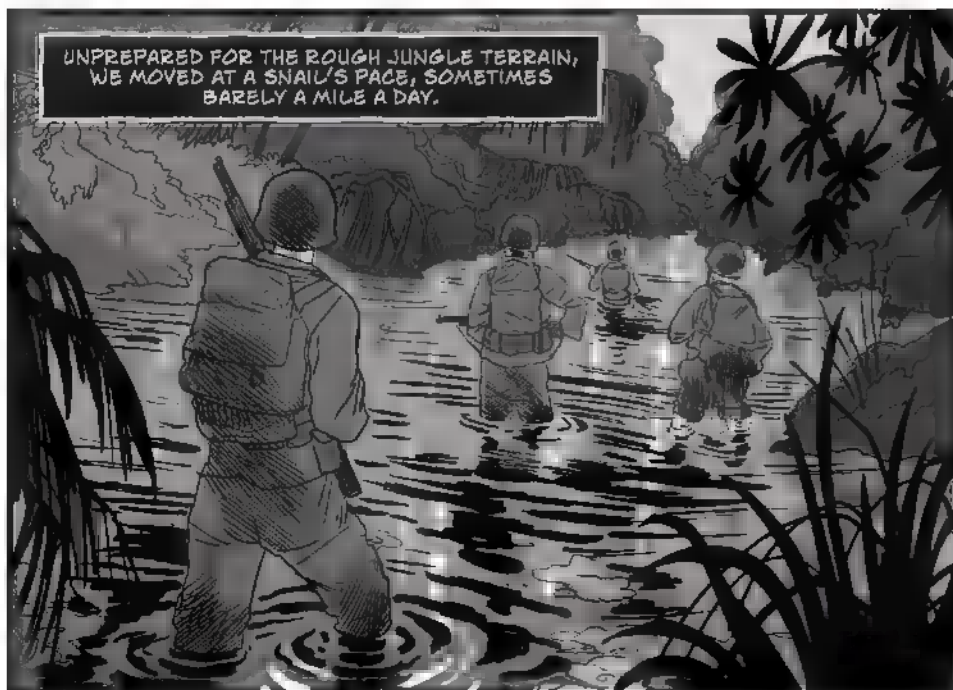
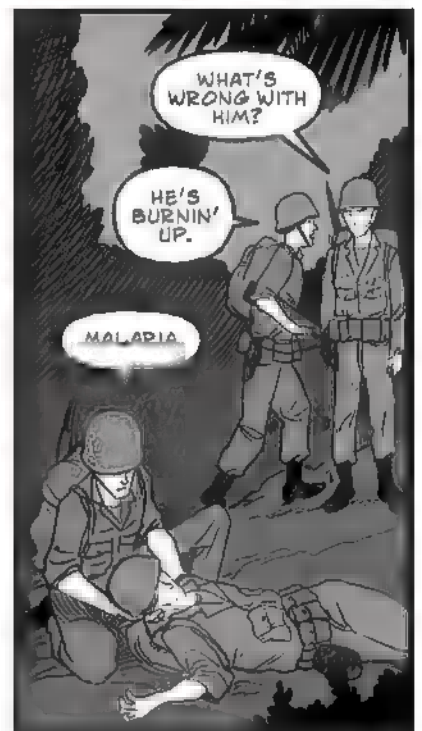
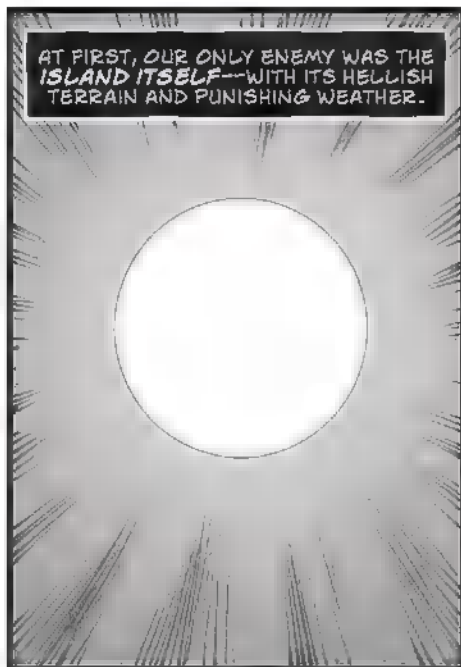


WE WERE TASKED WITH
CROSSING THE ISLAND
THROUGH THE MAHAGNAD
MOUNTAINS AND FLUSHING
OUT ANY RESISTANCE.

SOUVENIR,
SERLING?

HUH?

MY COUSIN
FOUGHT IN GUADAL-
CANAL, GOT HIMSELF
A NICE COLLECTION
OF JAP SKULLS.



IT WASN'T TOO LONG BEFORE WE HAD
OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE ENEMY.



EVEN MORE TERRIFYING
WERE THE SAKE-FUELED
SUICIDE ATTACKS.

AAAAAAAAAAAA

HOLY MOSES,
WHAT THE HELL
IS THAT?

BANZAI!

IT'S A
LANDMINE!

KA-BOOM!



WE EVENTUALLY FOUND OURSELVES TRAPPED AT THE FOOTHILL OF THE MAHAGNAO VOLCANO. THE AREA WAS COMPLETELY INFESTED WITH ENEMY SOLDIERS, AND WE WERE LOST.

ARE YOU SURE WE DIDN'T MOVE PAST THE RIDGE?



I'M SURE, CAPTAIN! THIS IS THE CAMPGROUND FROM THREE DAYS AGO.

CHRIST!



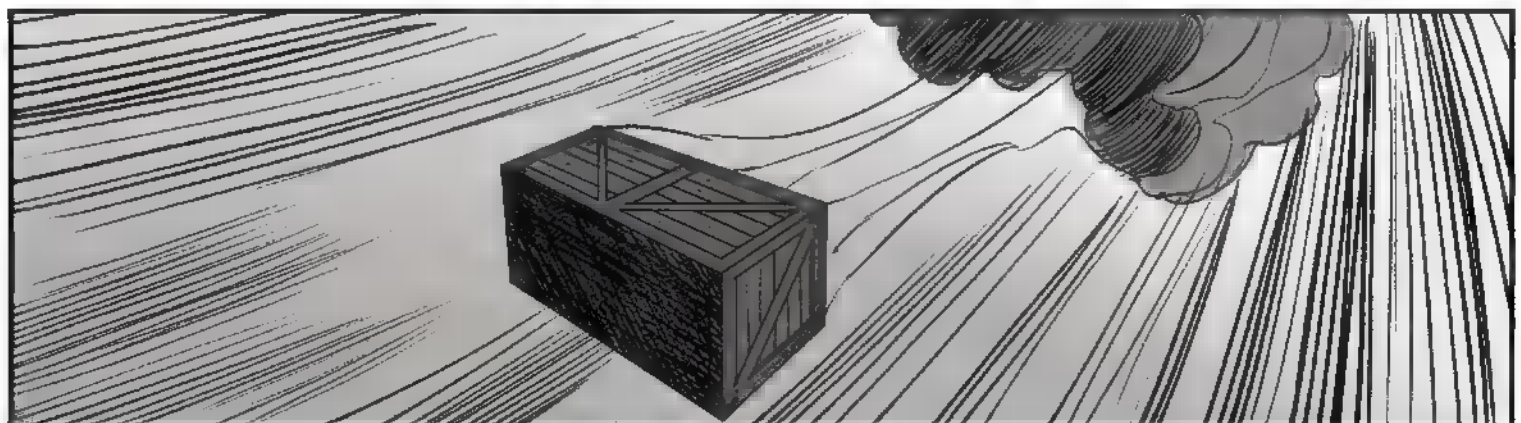
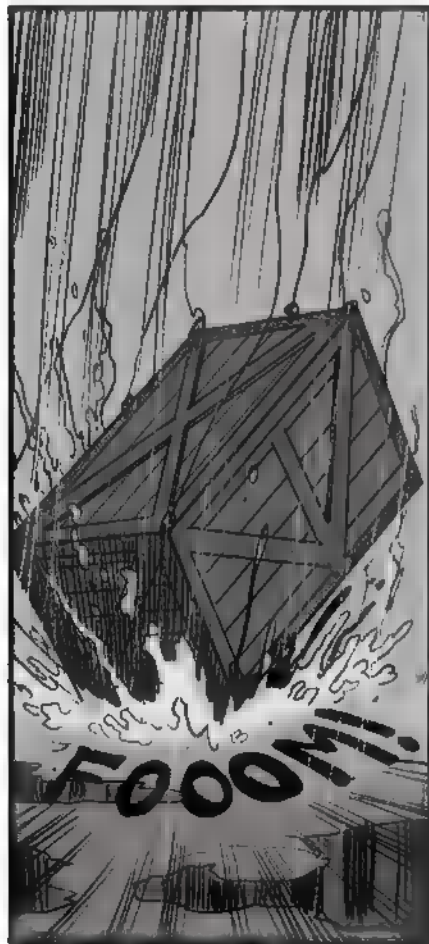
WE WERE OFFICIALLY OUT OF RATIONS AND WATER.

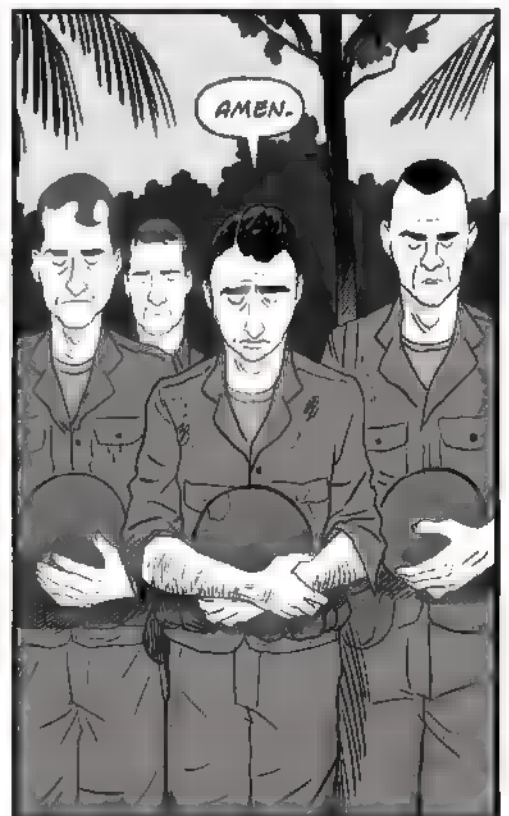
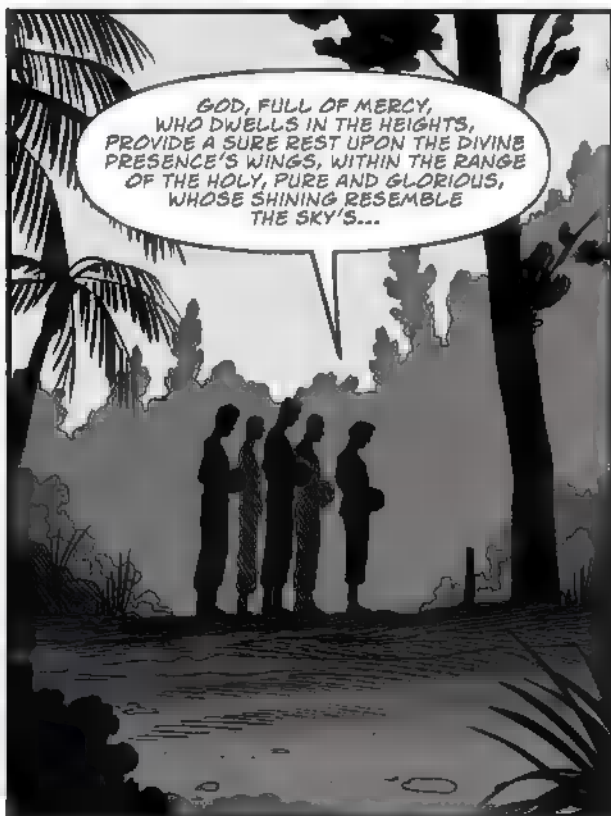


WE WERE STARVING. I NEVER FELT SUCH HUNGER IN MY LIFE.









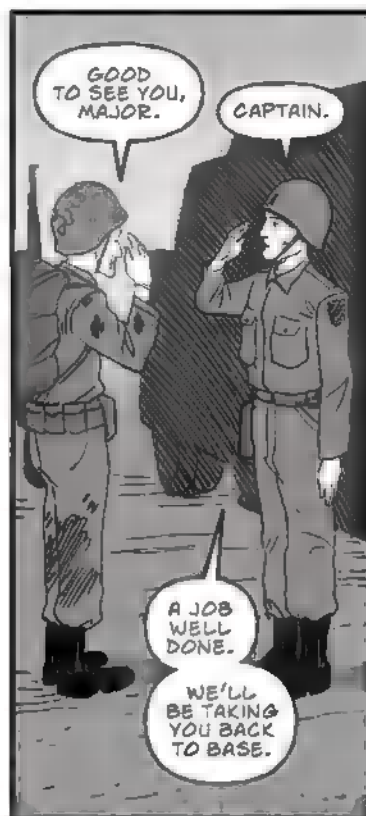




AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE EONS, WE FINALLY BROKE THROUGH THE JUNGLE.



AHOY!



GOOD TO SEE YOU, MAJOR.

CAPTAIN.

A JOB WELL DONE.

WE'LL BE TAKING YOU BACK TO BASE.



WE MADE IT, BUT I DIDN'T FEEL RELIEVED.

I FELT PETRIFIED.



IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY.

MY BIRTHDAY.





YOU'RE NOT COMING? THEY GOT HOT TURKEY AND REAL MASHED POTATOES!

GO AHEAD, I GOTTA FINISH THIS LETTER.

Dear Dad,

Just as you and Mom thought mainly about some future Christmas—my thoughts were along the same line on my birthday. We were still in combat—but you'd be surprised—a guy can do some thinking in a fox hole.



You know, Dad, if you and I have any differences—and little run-ins occasionally—it's not for you to apologize.



All my life, you've given me everything I've wanted.

I never so much as gave it a thought that you might find it tough to keep supplying me with every whim, and the idea of repaying you never entered my head.

Accordingly, my gratefulness was a shallow, momentary thing that couldn't have made you understand that your efforts were really appreciated.

So Dad, when that future Christmas when we're together again rolls around, you can put aside thoughts of making up for the past—it'll be for me to start showing that the years of you slaving away and worrying just for my benefit were not thrown away on a selfish, thoughtless kid.



WE HAD ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION. BUT THERE WAS NO REST FOR US. A FEW HOT MEALS, FRESH UNIFORMS...

...AND WE WERE OFF AGAIN, HEADED FOR A COVERT JUMP ONTO TAGAYTAY.

WE WERE TO PROCEED FROM THERE BY GROUND TOWARDS MANILA.



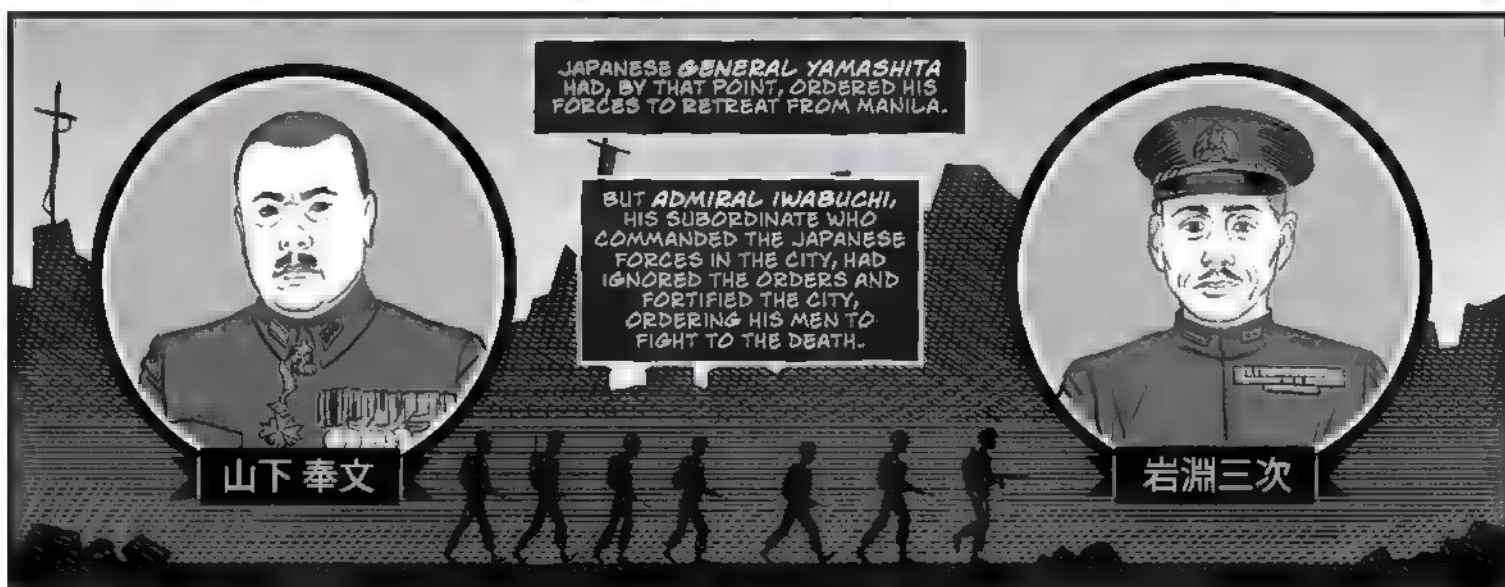
THE JOSES HAD STOPPED, THE SMILES WIPED AWAY.

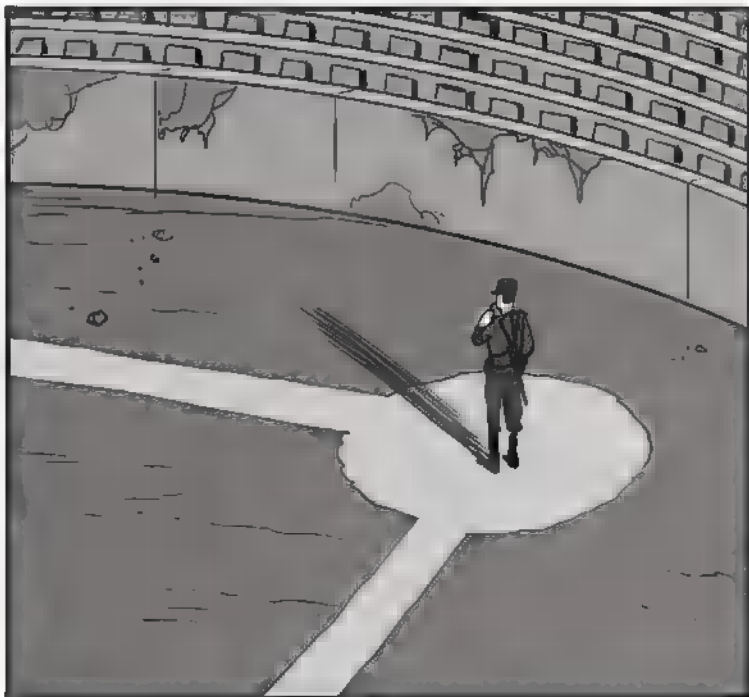
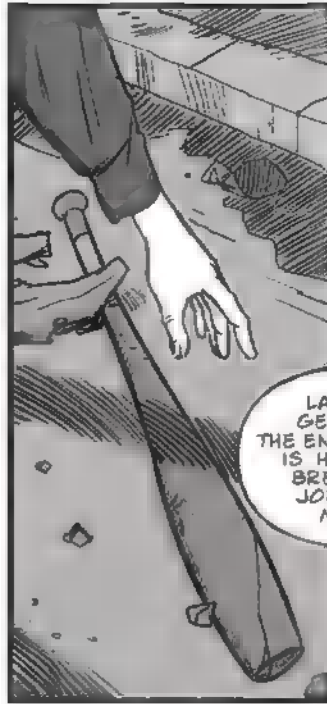
WE WERE NOW A GROUP OF AUTOMATONS READY TO BLINDLY FOLLOW ORDERS.

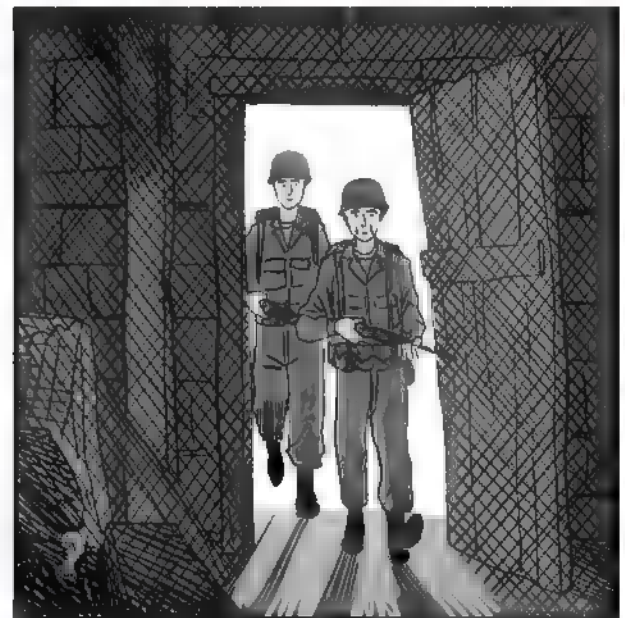


READY ONCE MORE TO JUMP TOWARDS OUR DEATHS.











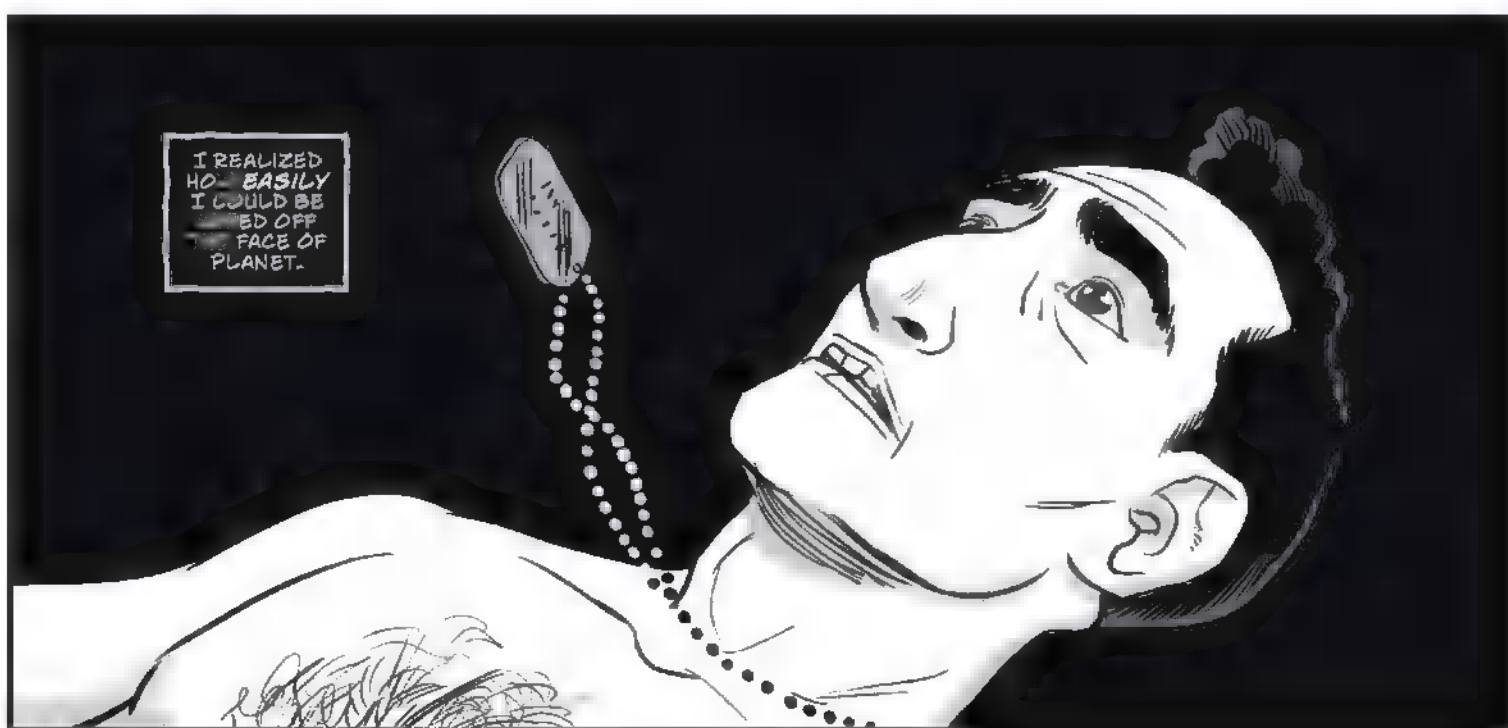


MY INJURIES WERE NOT FATAL.

THE DAMAGE DONE WAS
MOSTLY TO MY EGO.



I REALIZED
HOW EASILY
I COULD BE
KICKED OFF
THE FACE OF
THE PLANET.



AFTER A FEW WEEKS IN REHAB,
I WAS SENT BACK INTO THE FIELD.

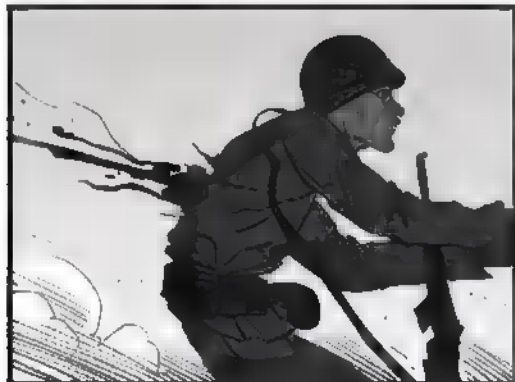
AS I RETURNED TO THE
SURREAL REALITY OF BATTLE,
IT DAWNED ON ME THAT I WAS
NOW PART OF THE *LIVING DEAD*.



STILL BREATHING,
STILL MOVING...



WHILE MORE THAN HALF OF
MY COMRADES WERE NOW
FOOD FOR WORMS.

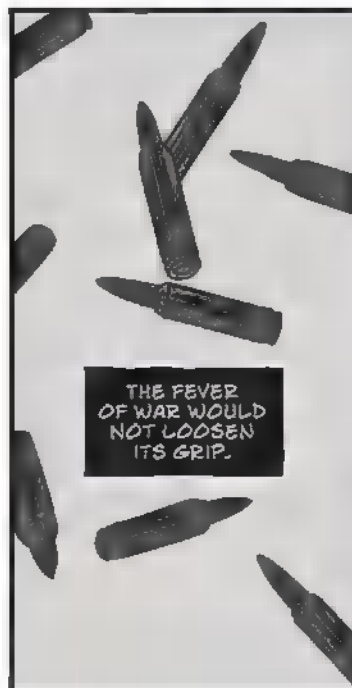


THE RANDOMNESS
OF IT ALL WAS
MIND-BOGGLING.

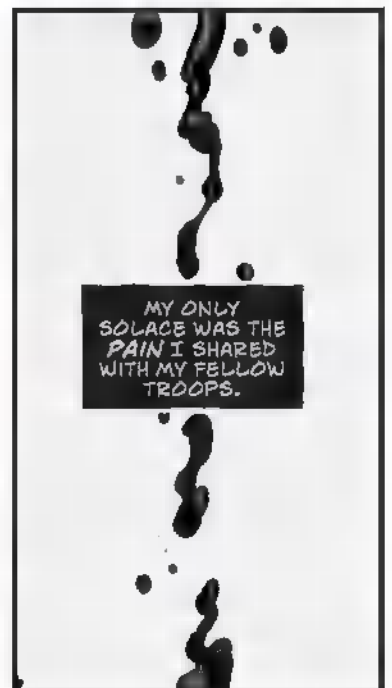
WHO GOT
TO LIVE, AND
WHO DIDN'T.

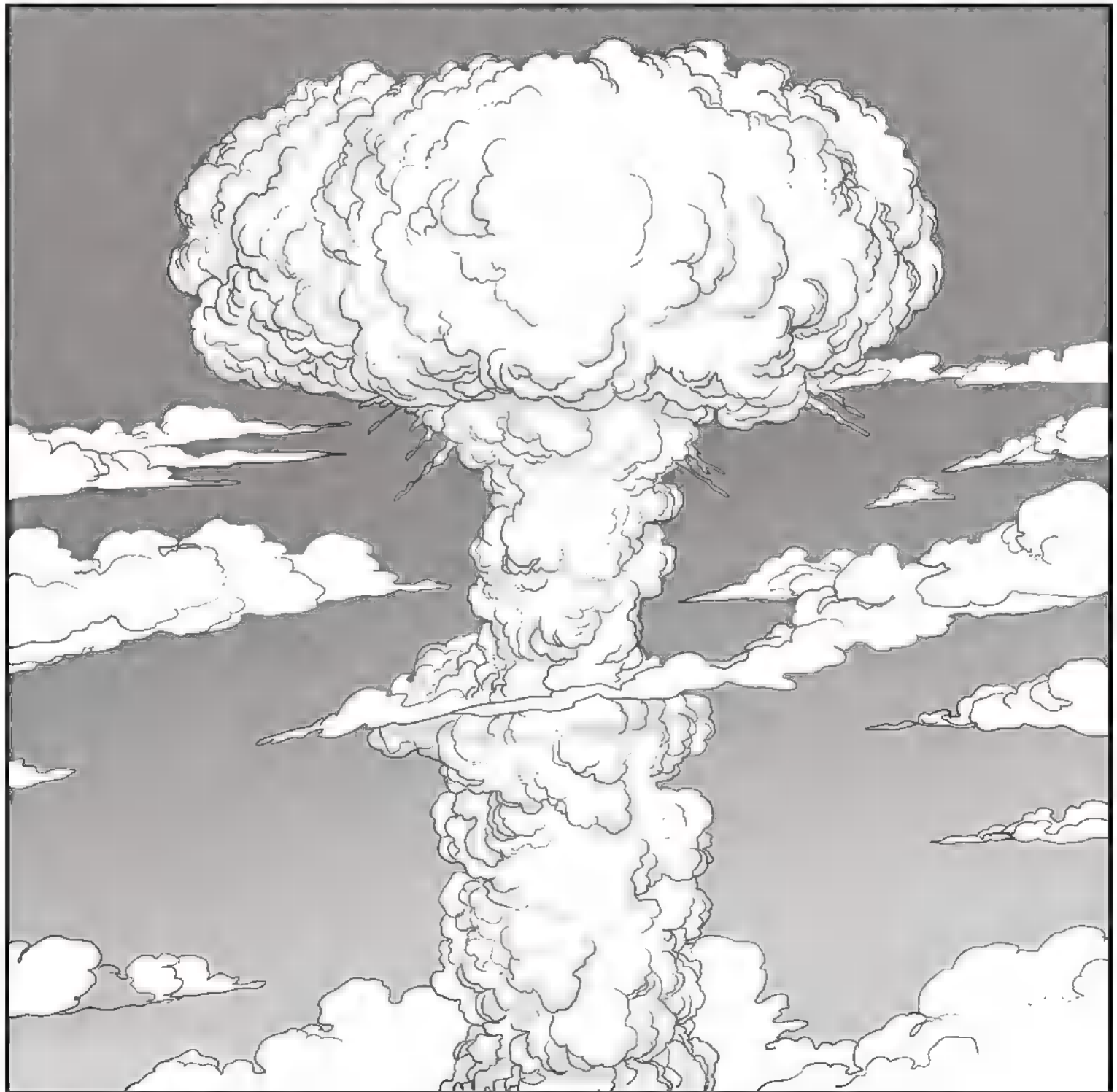


THE FEVER
OF WAR WOULD
NOT LOOSEN
ITS GRIP.



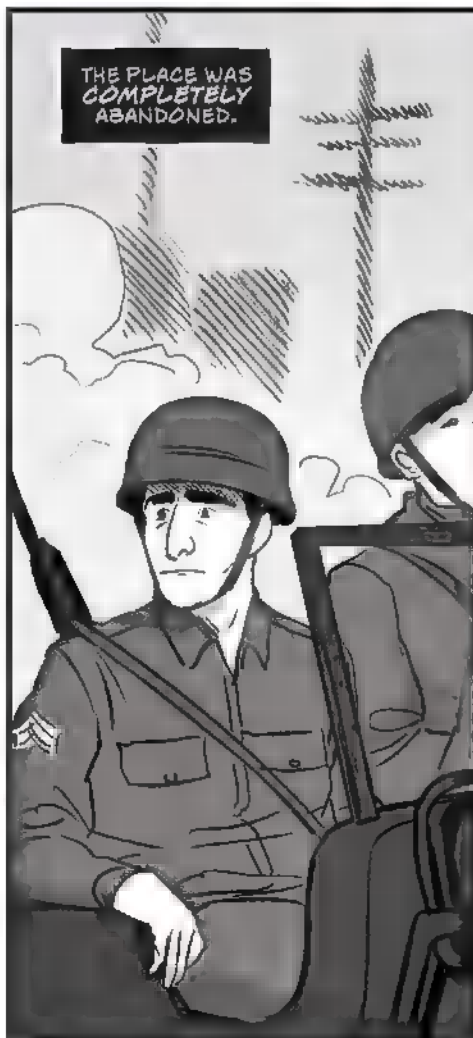
MY ONLY
SOLACE WAS THE
PAIN I SHARED
WITH MY FELLOW
TROOPS.







AFTER THE JAPANESE
SURRENDERED, THE 511TH WAS
SHIPPED TO YOKAHAMA, JAPAN,
WHERE A TEMPORARY AMERICAN
BASE WAS BEING SET UP.



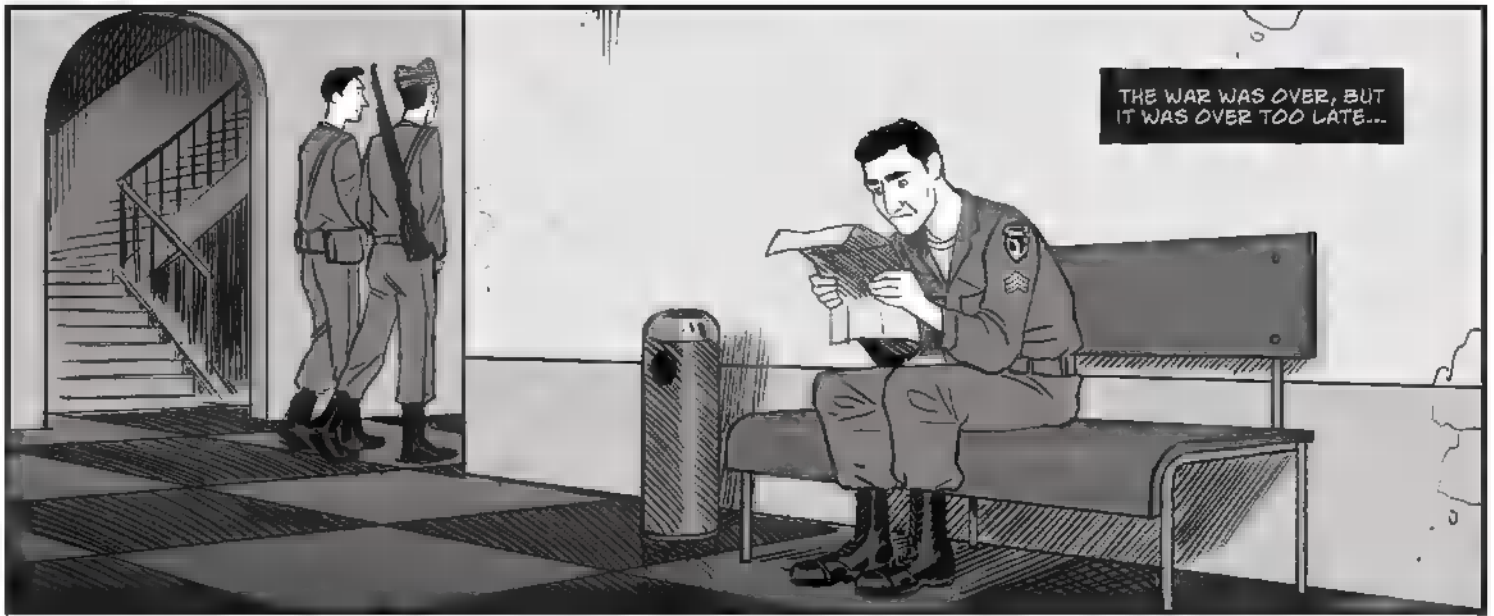
THE PLACE WAS
COMPLETELY
ABANDONED.

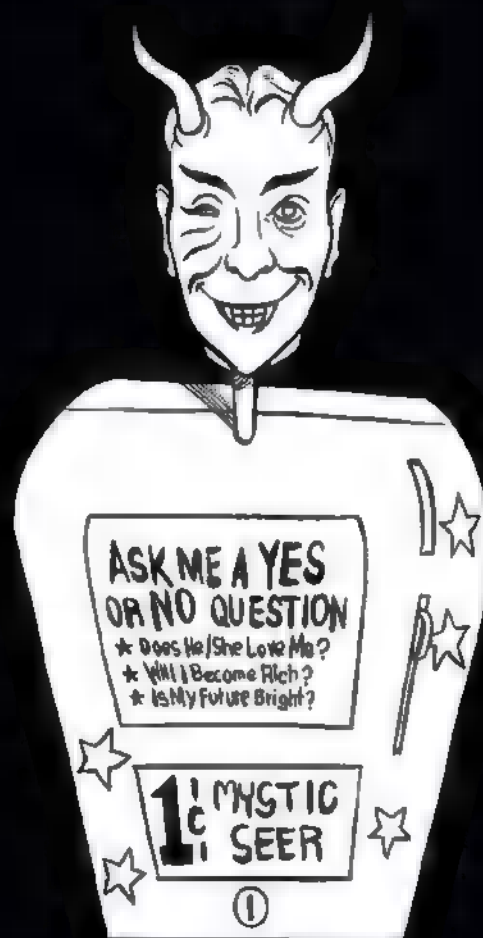


IT WAS AS IF
EVERYBODY
HAD VANISHED
OVERNIGHT.



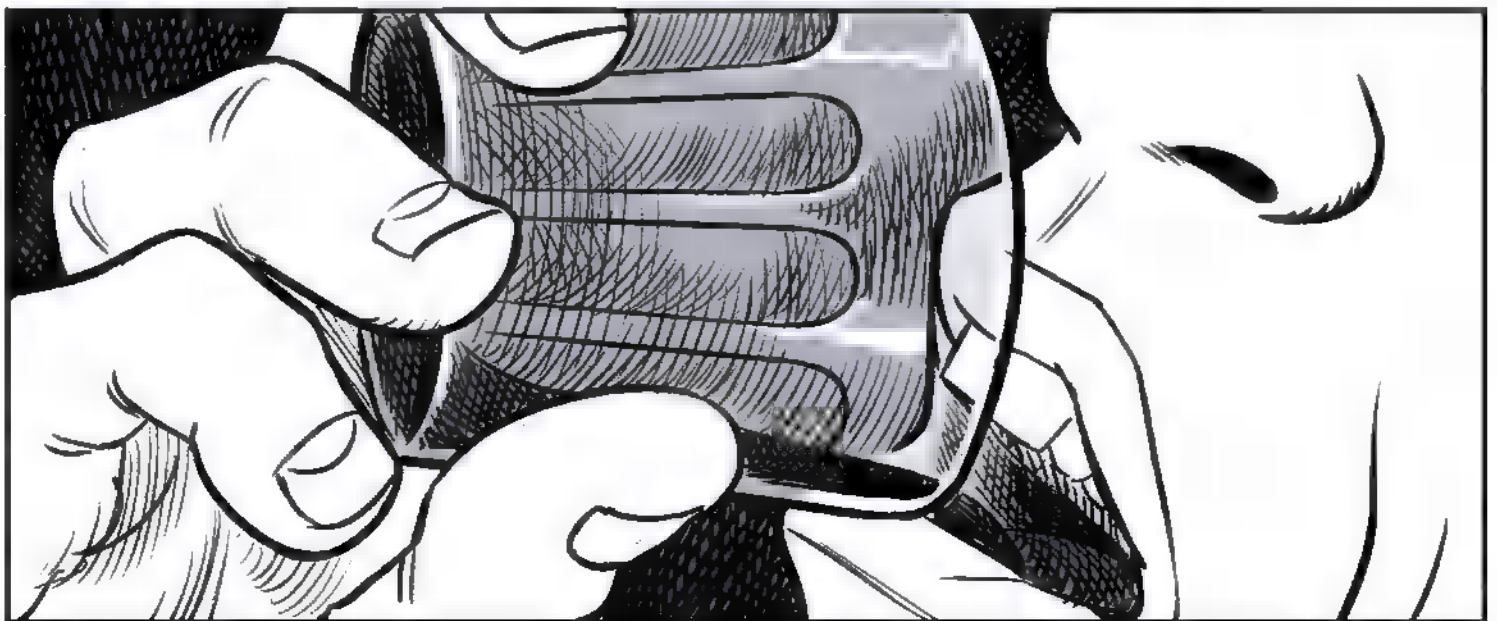






PART II

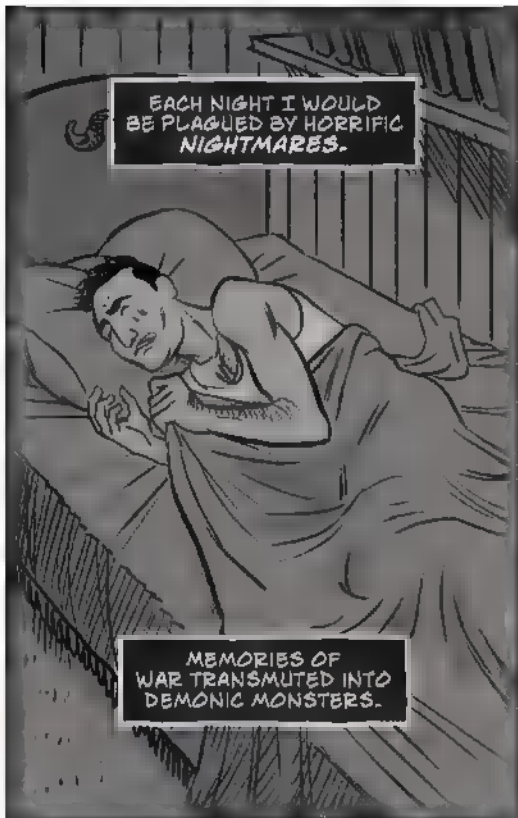






DURING WAR, YOU YEARN FOR THE FAMILIAR. IT'S ALL YOU DREAM ABOUT: THE FOOD, THE FAMILY, THE WOMEN.

BUT ONCE IT'S ALL OVER, AND YOU'RE BACK HOME, YOU REALIZE THERE'S NOTHING WAITING FOR YOU. NOTHING BUT A GREAT WIDE EMPTINESS.



I WAS AT A LOSS FOR WHAT
THE **FUTURE** MIGHT HOLD.



WHERE'S
ROD?

HE'S IN
THE BASEMENT,
WORKING ON
HIS MODEL
PLANES.

STILL? HE'S BEEN
DOWN THERE FOR HOURS!
DOESN'T HE WANT TO SEE HIS
BROTHER? IT'S NOT LIKE I
COME UP HERE EVERY
OTHER DAY.



MAYBE YOU
SHOULD GO
AND
CHECK ON HIM,
BOBBY.



ROD?
CHRIST, HOW
MANY OF THESE
HAVE YOU
BUILT?



LOOK BOBBY,
NAKAJIMA B5N,
ISN'T SHE A
BEAUTY?

DRIVING ME
CRAZY, THOUGH.
CAN'T SEEM TO
GET THE COCKPIT
COVER TO FIT.

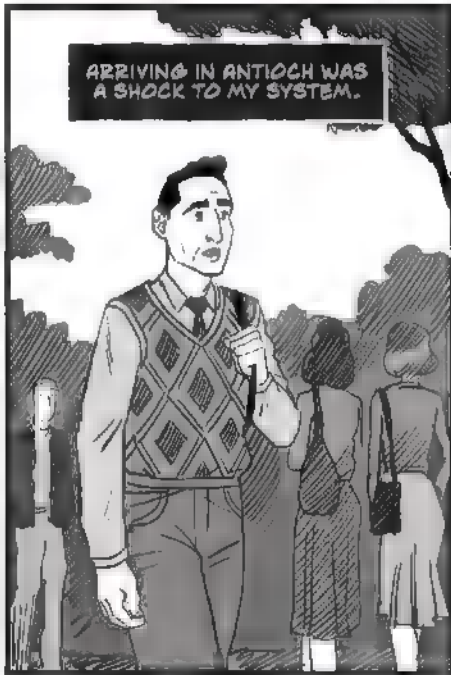




EVENTUALLY, I GOT MYSELF TOGETHER. I USED MY G.I. BENEFITS AND ENROLLED AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE, MY BROTHER'S ALMA MATER.



ARRIVING IN ANTIOCH WAS A SHOCK TO MY SYSTEM.



AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FIGHTING IN THE RAVENOUS JUNGLES AND THE RUINS OF MANILA...



...HERE I WAS, CAREFREE, IN A LUSH, SPRAWLING CAMPUS IN YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

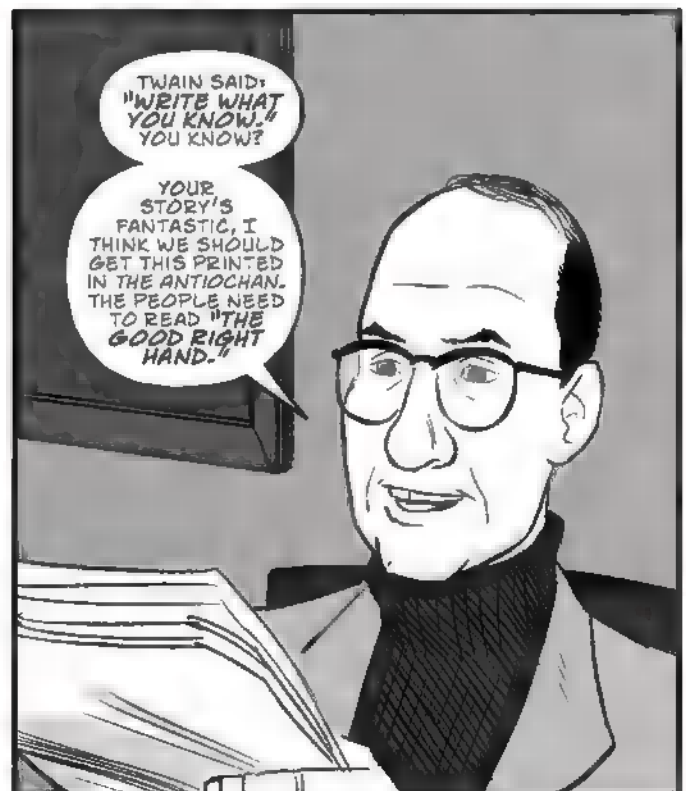


AND THE WOMEN!



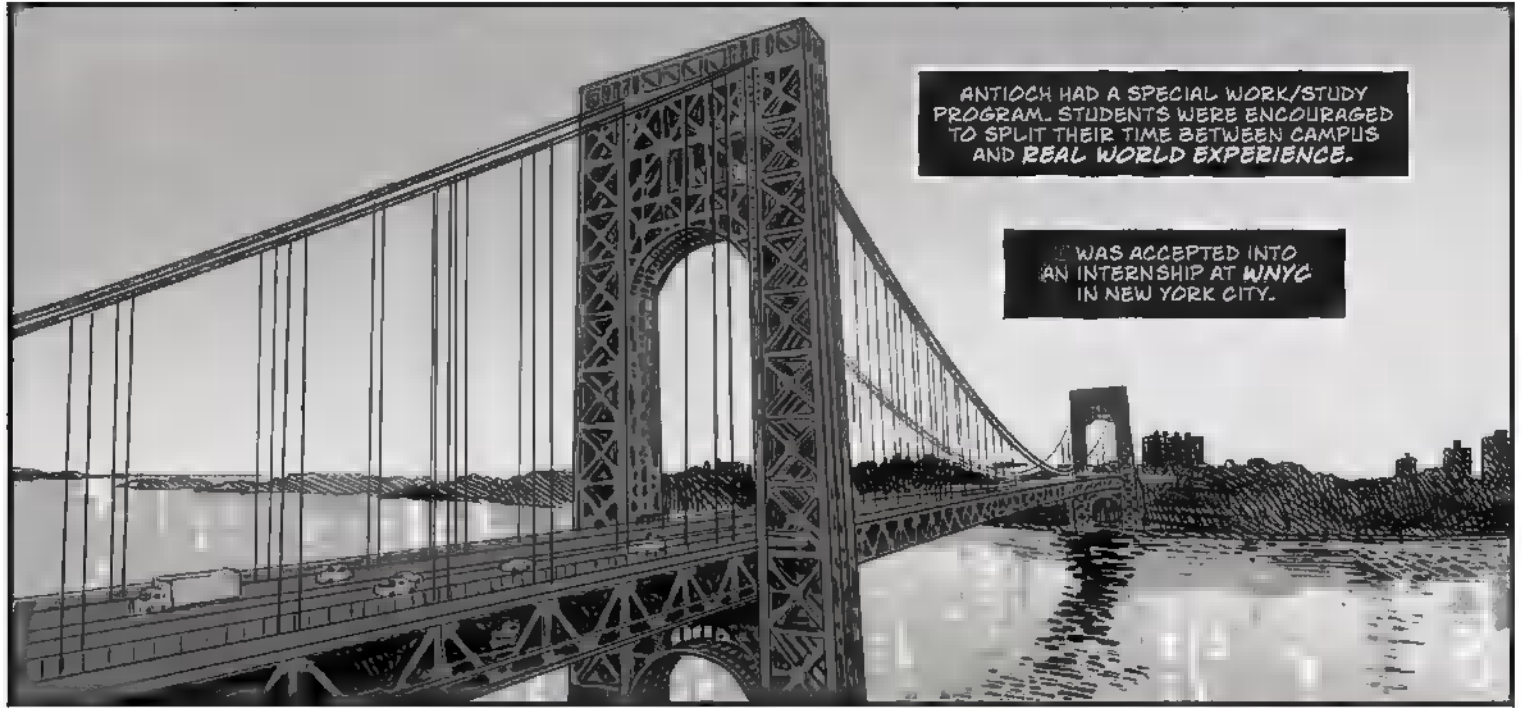
I FELT LIKE I HAD ARRIVED IN XANADU.











ANTIOCH HAD A SPECIAL WORK/STUDY PROGRAM. STUDENTS WERE ENCOURAGED TO SPLIT THEIR TIME BETWEEN CAMPUS AND **REAL WORLD EXPERIENCE.**

I WAS ACCEPTED INTO AN INTERNSHIP AT WNYC IN NEW YORK CITY.



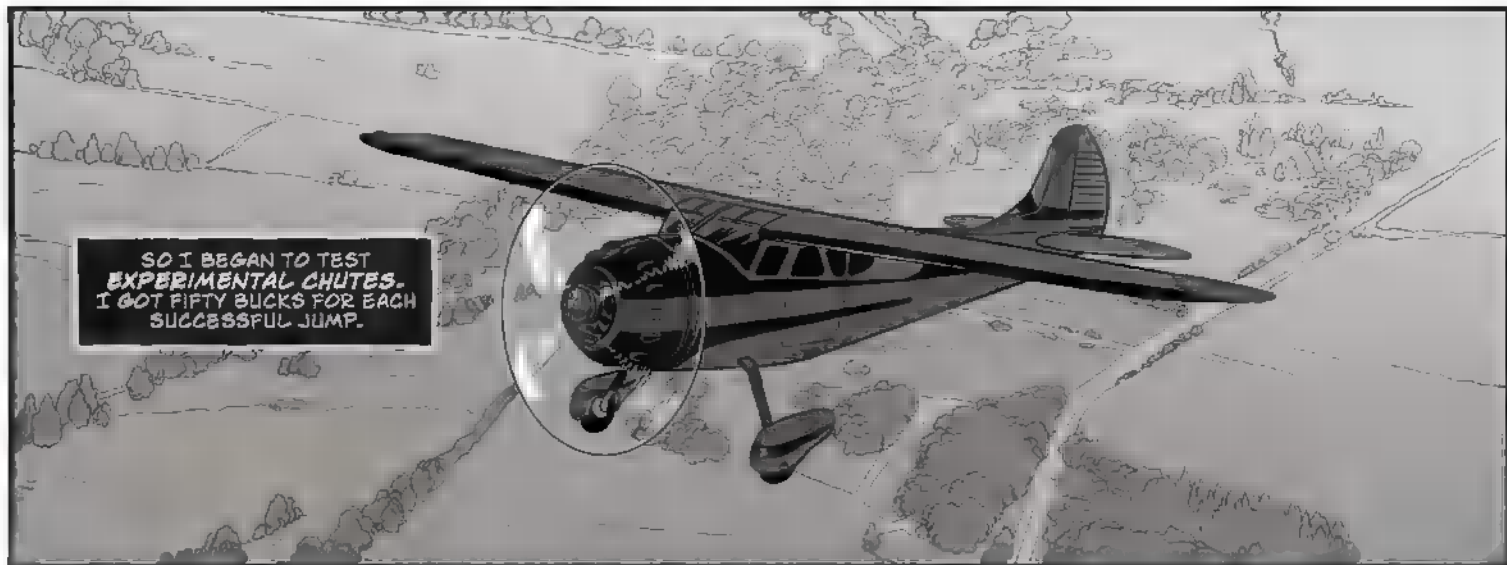
I WAS EXHILARATED. MANHATTAN WAS THE UNDISPUTED **MECCA OF RADIO.**



BUT I SOON REALIZED THAT THE INTERNSHIP **BARELY COVERED MY LIVING EXPENSES.**



I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE ENDS MEET.







CAROL WASN'T
JUST ANOTHER
SQUEEZE. WE
FELL FOR EACH
OTHER, HARD.
I DECIDED IT
WAS TIME TO
PROPOSE.



WE ENCOUNTERED RESISTANCE FROM CAROL'S DAD.

WHY ON
EARTH WOULD
YOU WANT TO
MARRY A JEW?
AND HE'S
NOT EVEN
WEALTHY!



AND FROM
MY MOTHER.

A
SHIKSA,
ROD?

WHAT
HAVE I
DONE TO
DESERVE
THIS?



I DECIDED TO CONVERT TO UNITARIANISM.
I WANTED CAROL'S FAMILY TO ACCEPT ME.

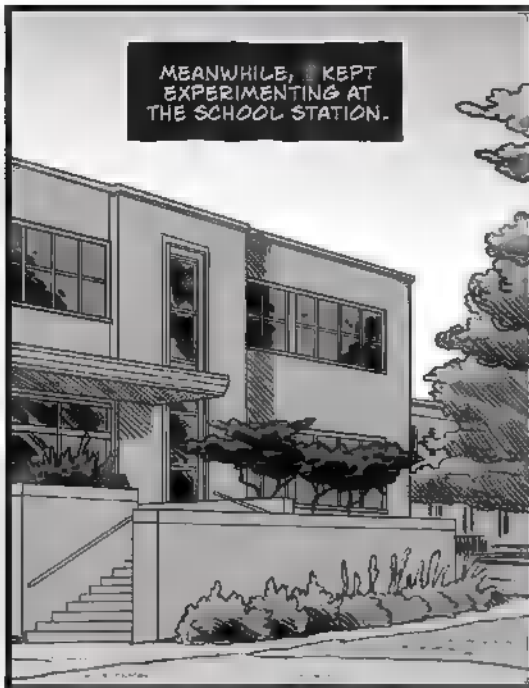


WE GOT MARRIED
THAT SUMMER.



WE MOVED INTO A SURPLUS TRAILER
ON CAMPUS. IT WASN'T MUCH, BUT WE
WERE TREMENDOUSLY HAPPY TO BE
LIVING TOGETHER.





MEANWHILE, I KEPT
EXPERIMENTING AT
THE SCHOOL STATION.



INSPIRED BY THE
WORKS OF NORMAN
CORWIN AND ORSON
WELLES, I DECIDED
TO HELM MY OWN
ANTHOLOGY SHOW.

IT WAS, FOR THE MOST PART,
ONE-MAN OPERATION:
I WROTE, DIRECTED AND
ACTED IN MANY OF THE
INSTALLMENTS.



YES, I BET THE KEEPER
OF THE NORTH STAR THAT THE LITTLE
EARTH WOULD DESTROY ITSELF BEFORE
THE NEXT BILLION YEARS HAD
GONE BY...AND SHE HAS.

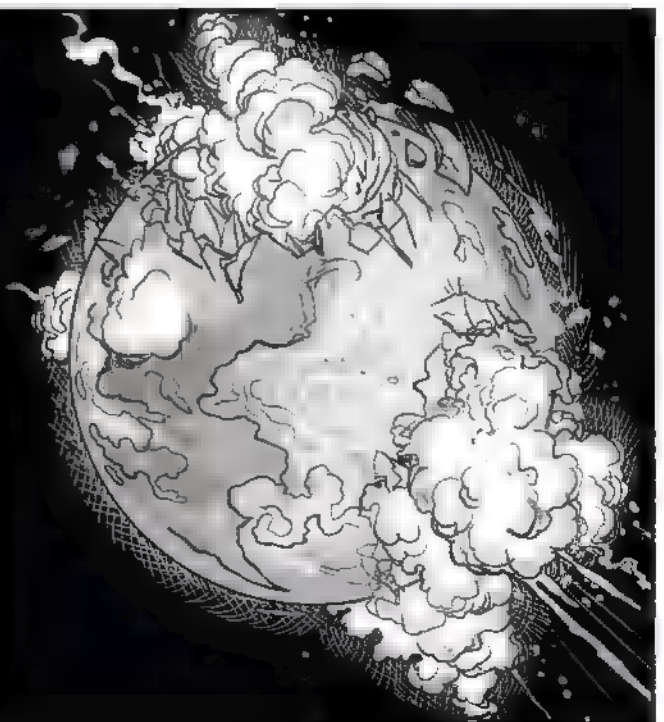


SHE SEEMS TO HAVE
JUST BLOWN HERSELF UP...
DISINTEGRATED... SHE NO LONGER
EXISTS. TCH, TCH, PITY--SHE WAS
A LOVELY LITTLE PLANET.
WONDER WHAT
CAUSED IT?



THAT IS A
QUESTION...

OH, WHAT AM I
THINKING... I KNOW
WHAT DESTROYED IT.
IT HAD HUMAN
BEINGS ON IT.*

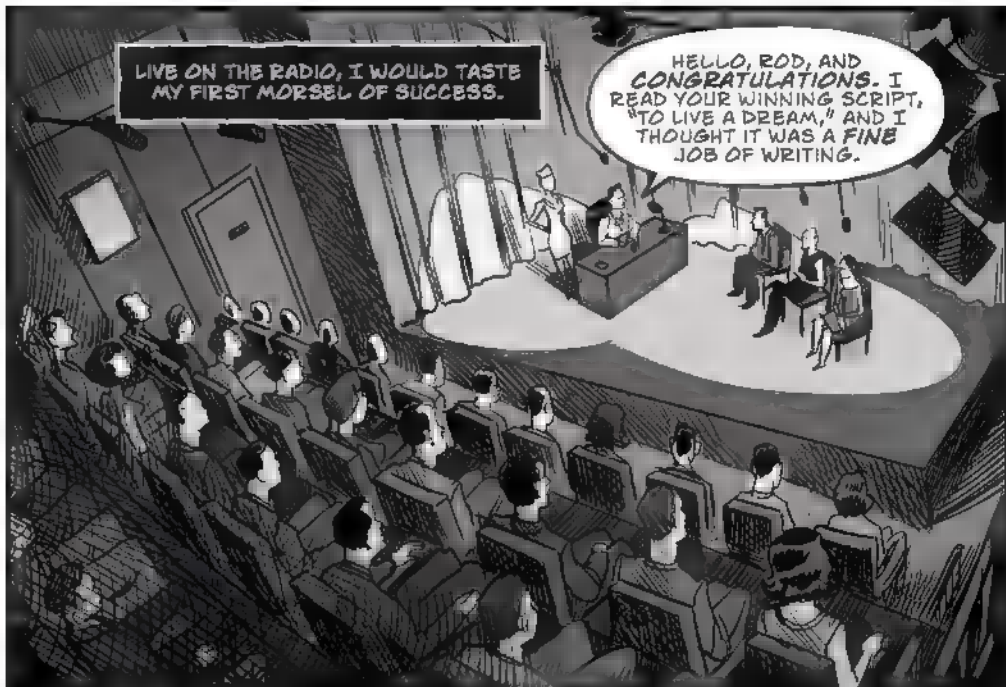




I SUBMITTED THE PLAY AND WON
THIRD PRIZE, 500 BUCKS AND AN
ALL-EXPENSES-PAID TRIP TO NYC.



LIVE ON THE RADIO, I WOULD TASTE
MY FIRST MORSEL OF SUCCESS.



THANK YOU,
MR. HERSHOLT. YOU'VE
NO IDEA HOW THRILLED I
AM TO KNOW THAT YOU AND
THE JUDGES SELECTED MY
SCRIPT AS ONE OF THE
WINNERS.

NOW, WHERE
DID YOU GET THE
IDEA FOR THIS FINE
STORY YOU
WROTE?



WELL, I'VE ALWAYS
BEEN FOND OF BOXING.
TRIED MY HAND IN THE GOLDEN
GLOVES--SINCE YOU'VE READ
MY STORY, YOU KNOW WHERE
IT ALL TIES IN.



INDEED I DO.
AND DO YOU INTEND TO
FOLLOW WRITING AS A
PROFESSION?

I'D LIKE TO,
MR. HERSHOLT. IN
FACT, THE AMBITION
OF MY WIFE
AND I--

--AND IS
YOUR WIFE
SITTING OUT
FRONT?



YES,
SIR...RIGHT
THERE.



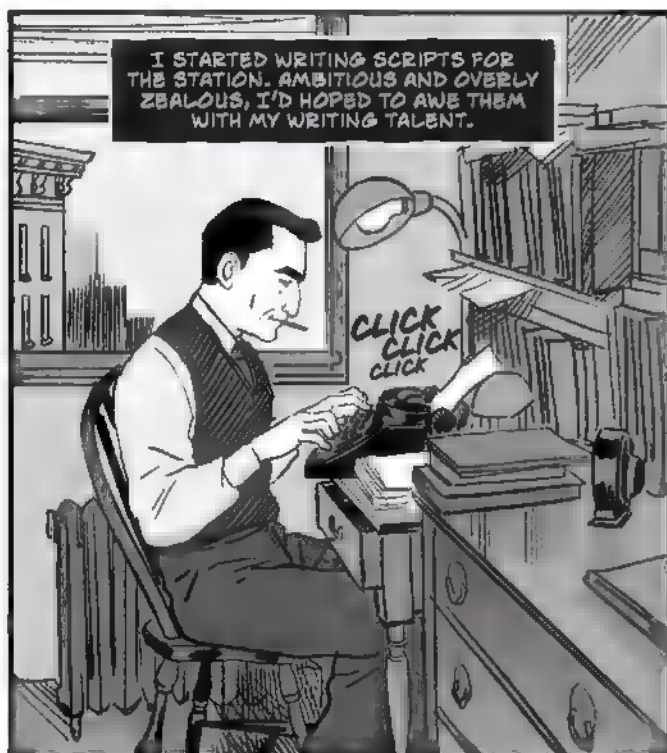
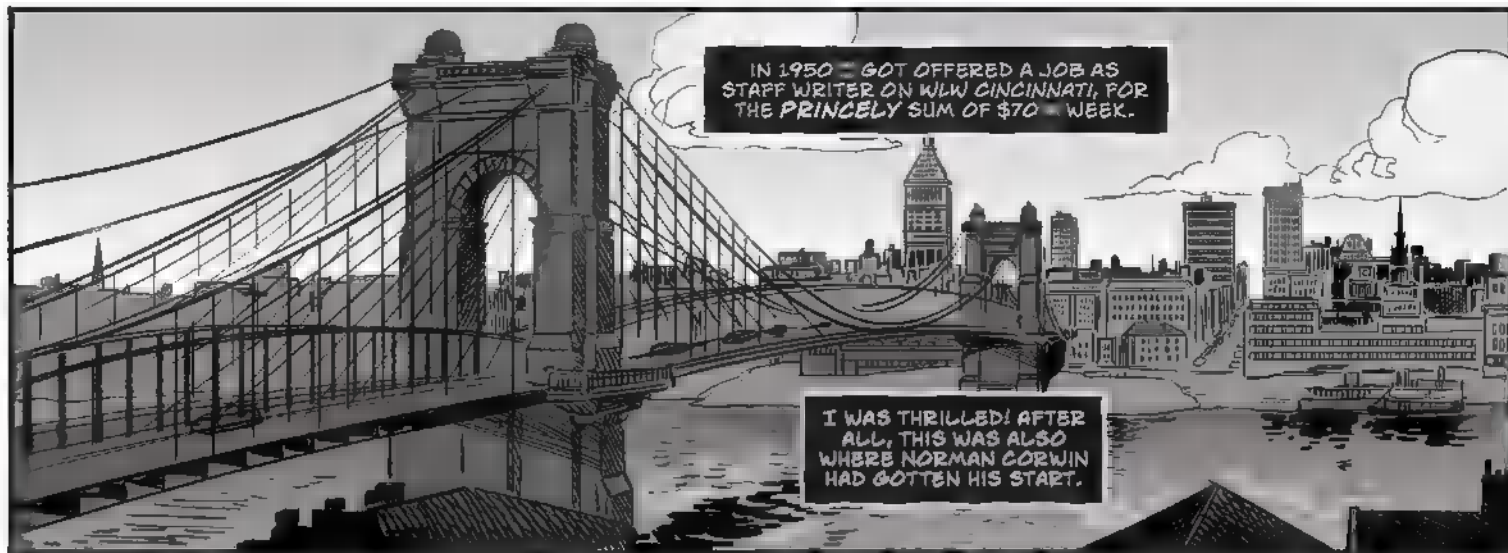
WELL, WELL, YOU
EX-G.I.S CERTAINLY
SPECIALIZE IN BEAUTIFUL
BRIDES. AND NOW, BACK
TO THAT AMBITION
OF YOURS.

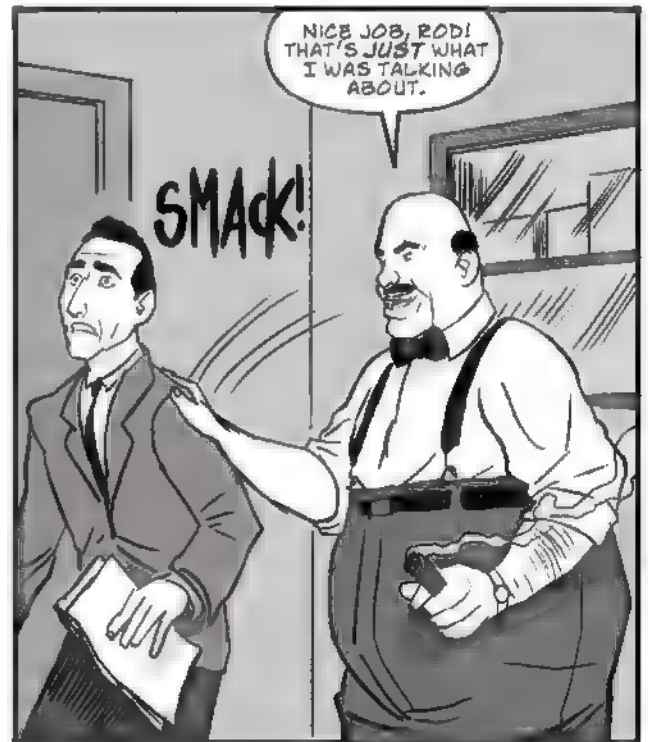


WELL, WE WANT TO
LIVE IN A LARGE HOUSE, IN
THE SUBURB OF A LARGE CITY,
RAISE A FAMILY, A LOT OF
DOGS...AND WRITE!

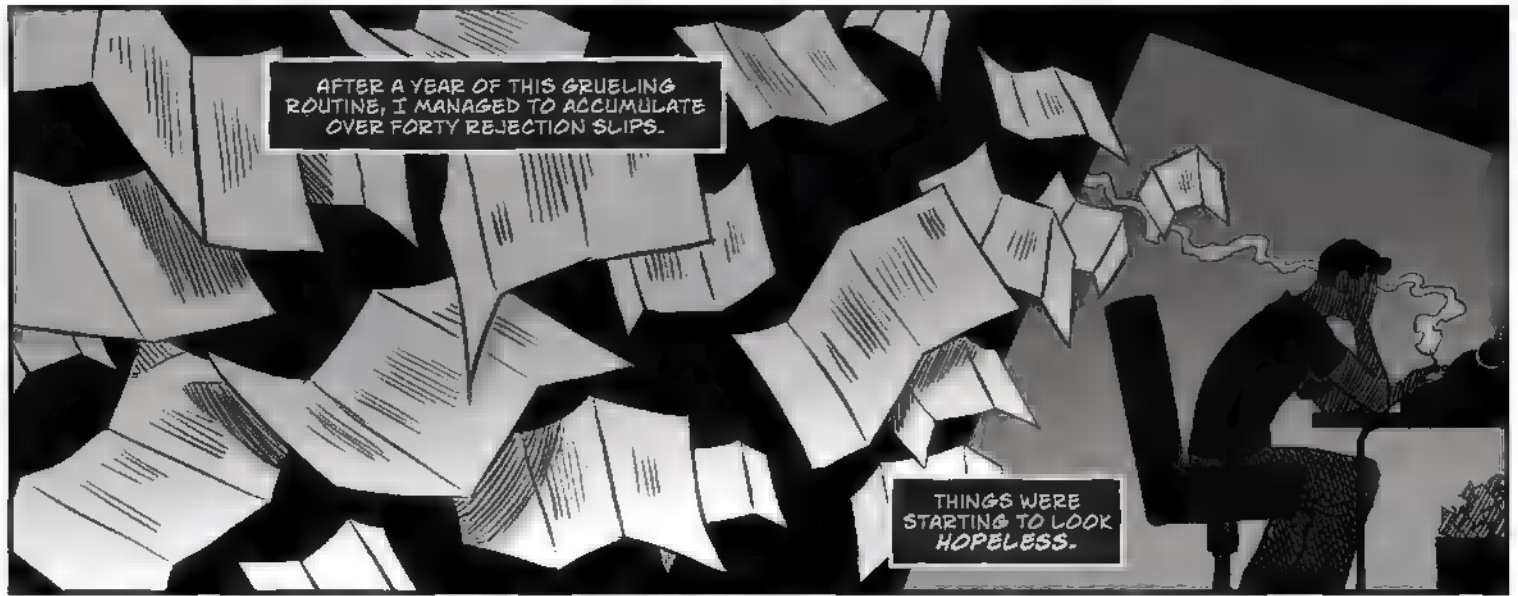


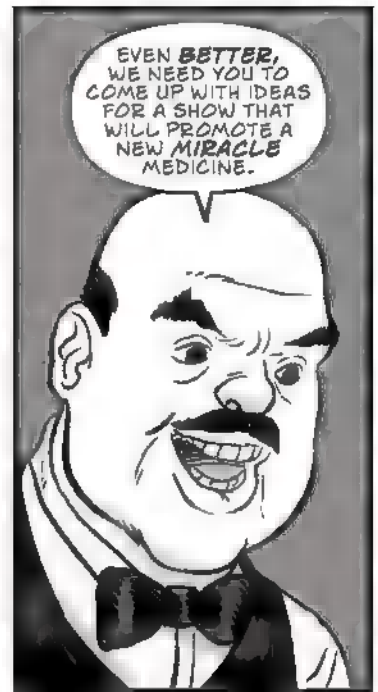








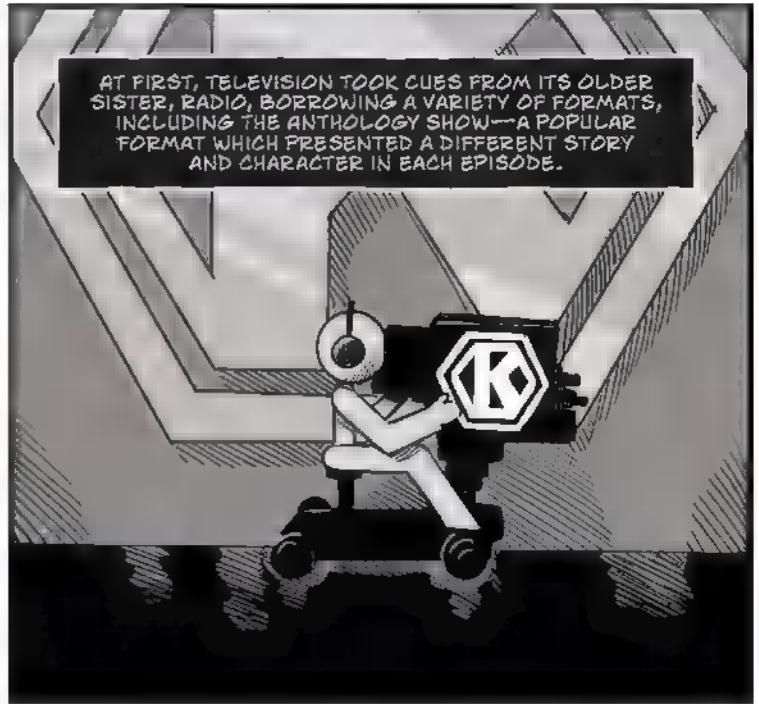




IN THE EARLY FIFTIES, TELEVISION WAS IN ITS INFANCY—A MEDIUM SEARCHING FOR DIRECTION AND FORM.



AT FIRST, TELEVISION TOOK CUES FROM ITS OLDER SISTER, RADIO, BORROWING A VARIETY OF FORMATS, INCLUDING THE ANTHOLOGY SHOW—A POPULAR FORMAT WHICH PRESENTED A DIFFERENT STORY AND CHARACTER IN EACH EPISODE.



THE EARLY ANTHOLOGY SHOWS WERE SHOT AND BROADCAST LIVE. DUE TO THE FORMAT'S LIMITATIONS, THESE "TELEPLAYS" WERE OFTEN SET IN VERY FEW LOCATIONS, AND SHOT IN A SINGLE STUDIO.



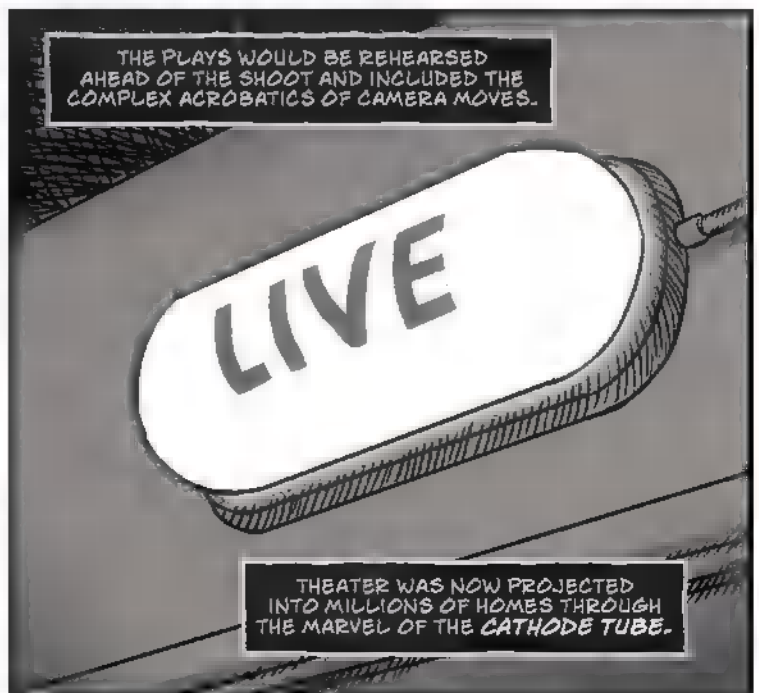
TELEVISION DRAMATISTS, SUCH AS PADDY CHAYEFSKY AND GORE VIDAL, WERE ABLE TO USE THESE LIMITATIONS TO THEIR ADVANTAGE. THEY CREATED CHARACTER-DRIVEN NARRATIVES AND INTIMATE SETTINGS THAT WERE PERFECT FOR THE SMALL SCREEN.



MA, SOONER OR LATER, THERE COMES A POINT IN A MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE'S GOTTA FACE SOME FACTS. AND ONE FACT I GOTTA FACE IS THAT, WHATEVER IT IS, THAT WOMEN LIKE, I AIN'T GOT IT.



THE PLAYS WOULD BE REHEARSED AHEAD OF THE SHOOT AND INCLUDED THE COMPLEX ACROBATICS OF CAMERA MOVES.



THEATER WAS NOW PROJECTED INTO MILLIONS OF HOMES THROUGH THE MARVEL OF THE CATHODE TUBE.



THE WHOLE OPERATION HAD TO RUN LIKE A WELL-OILED CLOCK. THERE WERE NO SECOND TAKES, ONLY ONE CHANCE TO GET IT RIGHT.



TELEPLAYS WERE IMBUED WITH A SPECIAL ENERGY, SINGULAR TO LIVE TELEVISION. THEY WERE CRUDE, BUT HAD RAW ESSENCE THAT EXISTED NOWHERE ELSE.



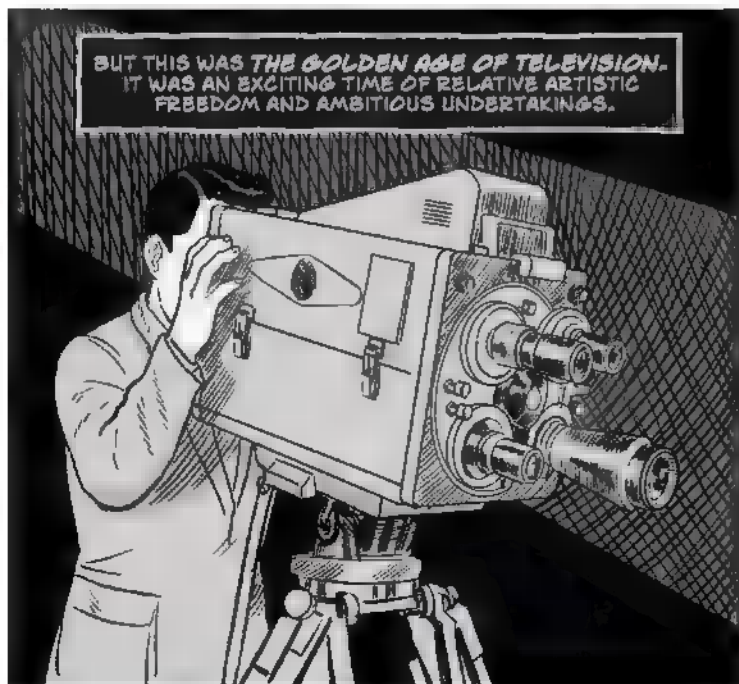
ADS WERE SOMETIMES SHOT LIVE ON THE SAME SET AS THE SHOW. THE OMNIPOTENT SPONSORS PROVIDED THE CAPITAL FOR PRODUCTION.

LIGHT UP A LUCKY! IT'S LUCKY TIME. BE HAPPY GO LUCKY! IT'S LIGHT-UP TIME.



THE ADS WERE AN UNFORTUNATE DISRUPTION--EJECTING THE VIEWER FROM THE PLAY AND INTO A WORLD OF KLEENEX, STOVE TOPS, AND SOFT DRINKS.

FOR THE TASTE YOU LIKE, LIGHT UP A LUCKY STRIKE!
RELAX! IT'S LIGHT-UP TIME.



BUT THIS WAS THE GOLDEN AGE OF TELEVISION. IT WAS AN EXCITING TIME OF RELATIVE ARTISTIC FREEDOM AND AMBITIOUS UNDERTAKINGS.



I WAS IN LUCK. STANDING AT THE PRECIPICE OF A NEW INDUSTRY THAT WAS IN DIRE NEED OF NEW TALENT.

TELEVISION WOULD GOBBLE ME RIGHT UP! TAKE ITS CHANCE WITH A COMPLETE UNKNOWN.



FOUR MORE YEARS WOULD PASS. GAINES DID AS SHE PROMISED AND MY CAREER WAS MOVING FORWARD AT A STEADY PACE.

I WAS STILL LARGELY UNKNOWN, BUT MADE MY WAY INTO WRITING A FEW RESPECTABLE PROGRAMS.

ON A COLD JANUARY NIGHT IN 1955, CAROL AND I WERE OFF VISITING RELATIVES IN UPSTATE NEW YORK. A BABYSITTER WAS WATCHING OUR FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, JODI.

THE KRAFT TELEVISION THEATRE COMES TO YOU LIVE FROM NEW YORK.

THE PLAY IS PERFORMED AT THE MOMENT YOU SEE IT--LIVING THEATER FOR YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT.

ONE OF MY TELEPLAYS WAS SET TO BE BROADCAST THAT NIGHT. I HAD NO IDEA OF THE IMPACT IT WOULD HAVE.

TONIGHT WE PRESENT THE FOUR HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THIRD PLAY IN THIS SERIES:

"PATTERNS" BY ROD SERLING.

PATTERNS

"PATTERNS" TELLS THE STORY OF FRED STAPLES, AN IDEALISTIC YOUNG MAN COMING FROM OHIO TO WORK ON WALL STREET AS A JUNIOR EXECUTIVE.

HE BEGINS WORKING UNDER AN OLDER MAN, BUT SOON DISCOVERS HE'S BEING GROOMED TO REPLACE HIM BY THE COMPANY'S RUTHLESS OWNER.





"PATTERNS" IS A STORY OF POWER, AMBITION AND THE PRICE TAG THAT HANGS ON SUCCESS. IT IS ALSO A CONFLICT OF YOUTH VS. AGE. FOR EVERY MAN THAT MOVES UP, SOMEONE ELSE HAS TO MOVE OUT...

THE SHOW HIT A NERVE, AND WAS A BIG CRITICAL AND COMMERCIAL SUCCESS.

AUDIENCES LOVED IT SO MUCH THAT THEY DEMANDED--AND GOT--A SECOND LIVE SCREENING. A FIRST IN THE HISTORY OF TELEVISION.

"PATTERNS" TURNED ME INTO AN OVERNIGHT SUCCESS. THE OFFERS CAME LIKE MONSOON.

I RECEIVED TWENTY-THREE OFFERS FOR TELEVISION WRITING ASSIGNMENTS.

FOURTEEN REQUESTS FOR INTERVIEWS IN LEADING MAGAZINES AND PAPERS.

THREE MOTION PICTURE SCREENWRITING ASSIGNMENTS.

TWO OFFERS FROM BROADWAY PRODUCERS.

AND TWO OFFERS TO WRITE NOVELS.

I HAD THE SAME ANSWER TO THEM ALL:

YES!



I SOON REALIZED WHAT A MISTAKE I'D MADE. I BIT OFF MORE THAN I COULD CHEW.



I WAS FAILING TO PRODUCE MATERIAL WITH THE SAME LEVEL OF FINESSE AS "PATTERNS."



THERE WERE SUDDENLY BUYERS FOR ALL MY UNPRODUCED SCREENPLAYS.



...I TELL YA, "PATTERNS" JUST KNOCKED ME OFF MY SEAT. ROD, YOU MADE SOMETHING SPECIAL-- AND THAT'S RARE IN OUR BUSINESS.

YOU DON'T MIND IF I CALL YOU ROD, DO YOU?

NOT AT ALL!



NOW LISTEN, I KNOW WE'VE ALREADY COMMISSIONED SEVERAL SCREENPLAYS FROM YOU, BUT I WAS WONDERING...

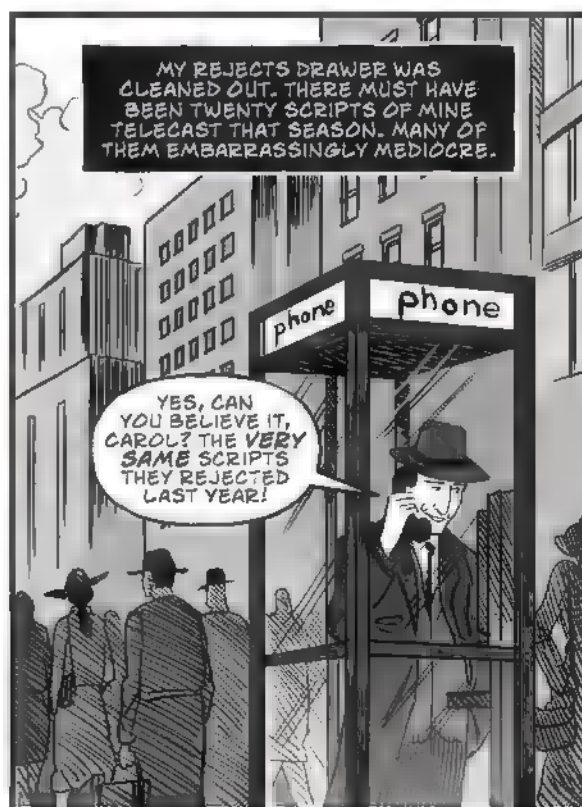


IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU HAVE SOMETHING LYING AROUND YOUR OFFICE? SOMETHING UNPRODUCED?

WELL, YES, I HAVE SEVERAL SCREENPLAYS. AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOU HAVE FORMERLY REJECTED A FEW OF THEM--



REJECTED? THAT'S THE PAST, ROD! THIS IS THE DAWNING OF A NEW AGE FOR YOU. FOR US!



MY REJECTS DRAWER WAS CLEANED OUT. THERE MUST HAVE BEEN TWENTY SCRIPTS OF MINE TELECAST THAT SEASON. MANY OF THEM EMBARRASSINGLY MEDIOCRE.

YES, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT, CAROL? THE VERY SAME SCRIPTS THEY REJECTED LAST YEAR!

ONE OF THE TELEPLAYS SOLD WAS "THE RACK." IT WAS SET FOR PRODUCTION ON THE UNITED STATES STEEL HOUR.



I READ ABOUT KOREAN WAR P.O.W.S WHO WERE TORTURED, BRAIN-WASHED AND FORCED INTO FALSE CONFESSIONS BY THE CHINESE.

POWS RETURN, TRAITORS OR HEROES?



STILL HAUNTED BY MEMORIES OF WAR, AND THE GHOSTS OF MY FALLEN FRIENDS—I WAS IMMEDIATELY STRUCK BY THE POTENTIAL OF THE STORY.



I WROTE OUT A SCRIPT ABOUT A CERTAIN CAPTAIN EDWARD HALL—A P.O.W. COURT-MARTIALED FOR TREASON AFTER BEING TORTURED AND FORCED TO SIDE WITH THE ENEMY.

THE MORALITY OF "THE RACK" WAS PAINTED IN SHADES OF GREY. CAPTAIN HALL WAS NEITHER CLEARLY GUILTY NOR INNOCENT.



THAT DECISION WAS LEFT TO THE VIEWERS.

COWARDICE DOES NOT OCCUR WHERE BRAVERY ENDS. IT IS NOT EITHER OR.

FOR IF IT WERE, ALL MEN WOULD BE HEROES OR COWARDS.



I HUMBLY SUBMIT TO THE COURT THAT THERE MUST BE AN IN-BETWEEN.



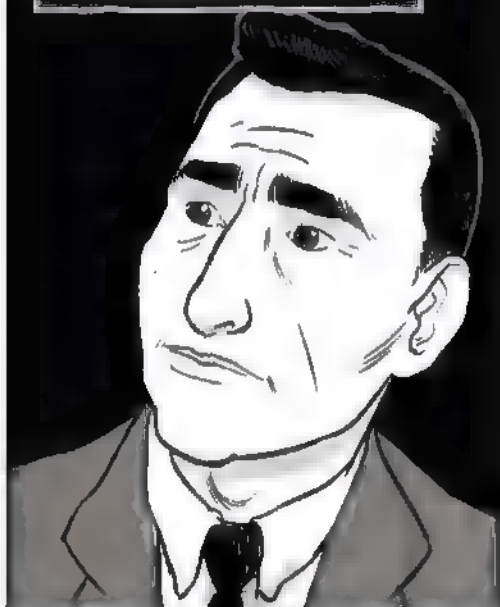
PATTERNS

THE RACK

DESPITE PUTTING IN MY BEST EFFORTS, "THE RACK" WAS A **DISAPPOINTMENT**, AND RECEIVED A LUKEWARM REACTION FROM THE PRESS.



THE FIRST REVIEWS AFTER "PATTERNS" WERE CHARITABLE, AS IF THE CRITICS WERE WARY OF THROWING BRICKS AT A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.



BUT AFTER TIME, WHEN THE COMPARISONS WITH "PATTERNS" WERE OBVIOUSLY NEGATIVE, THE NEEDLE WAS UNSHEATHED.



IT GOT LONGER. IT PROBED DEEPER. AND I BEGAN TO BLEED.



"GARRITY'S SON"

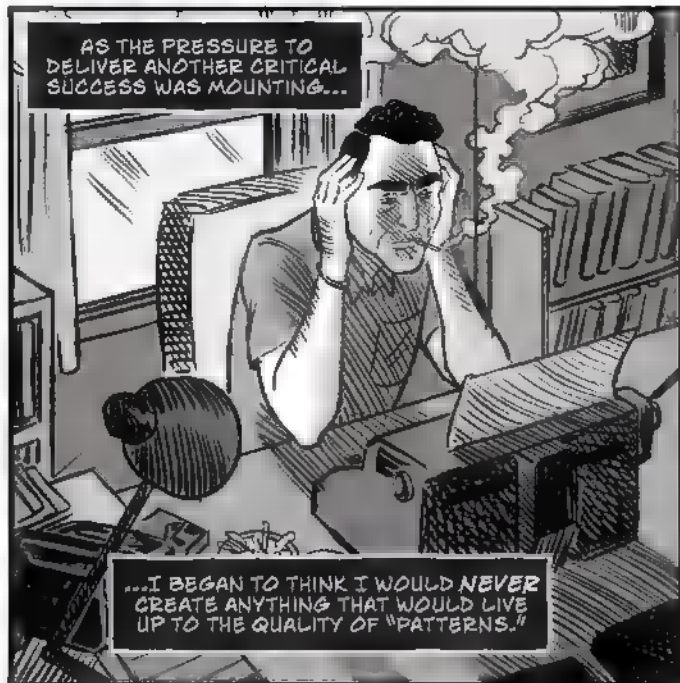
"THE CHAMPION"

"TO WALK AT MIDNIGHT"



WITH EACH NEW REVIEW, THE BLEEDING GOT WORSE.





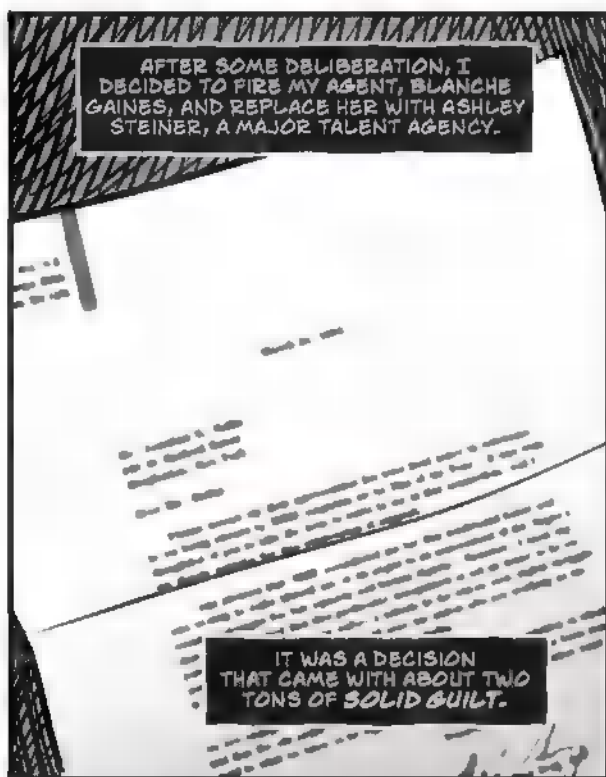
AS THE PRESSURE TO DELIVER ANOTHER CRITICAL SUCCESS WAS MOUNTING...

...I BEGAN TO THINK I WOULD NEVER CREATE ANYTHING THAT WOULD LIVE UP TO THE QUALITY OF "PATTERNS."



ALL THE WHILE, I WAS STILL INUNDATED WITH THE TOWERING MOUNTAIN OF PROJECTS I'D ACCEPTED.

I DECIDED SOME MAJOR CHANGES WERE DUE.



AFTER SOME DELIBERATION, I DECIDED TO FIRE MY AGENT, BLANCHE GAINES, AND REPLACE HER WITH ASHLEY STEINER, A MAJOR TALENT AGENCY.

IT WAS A DECISION THAT CAME WITH ABOUT TWO TONS OF SOLID GUILT.



BLANCHE HAD BEEN THERE FOR ME FROM THE START, BUT AT THIS POINT, SHE WAS UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE SHEER SCOPE OF MY PROJECTS.



ALSO STOPPED TYPING MY SCRIPTS, AND BEGAN USING DICTAPHONE.

YOU KEEP IT UP, CHUM. JUST KEEP IT UP.

YOU'RE GOING TO TALK YOURSELF INTO A CORNER.

I WAS NOW ABLE TO GENERATE SCRIPTS FASTER THAN EVER.



ONE PROJECT WAS ESPECIALLY CLOSE TO MY HEART. IT WAS A TALE OF SOCIAL CRITIQUE.



A PLAY INSPIRED BY THE EMMETT TILL CASE.



WHEN THE STORY FIRST APPEARED, I WAS SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED BY THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

TILL, A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BLACK BOY, WAS VISITING MISSISSIPPI IN THE SUMMER OF '55. AFTER ALLEGEDLY WHISTLING AT CAROLYN BRYANT—A WHITE WOMAN IN A LOCAL GROCERY STORE—

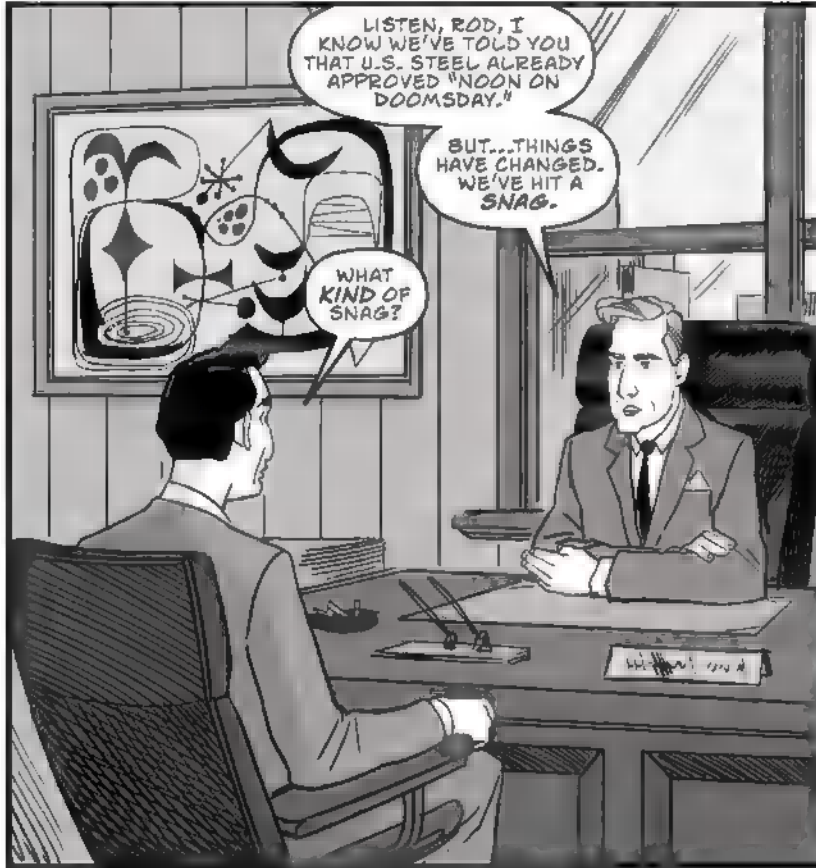


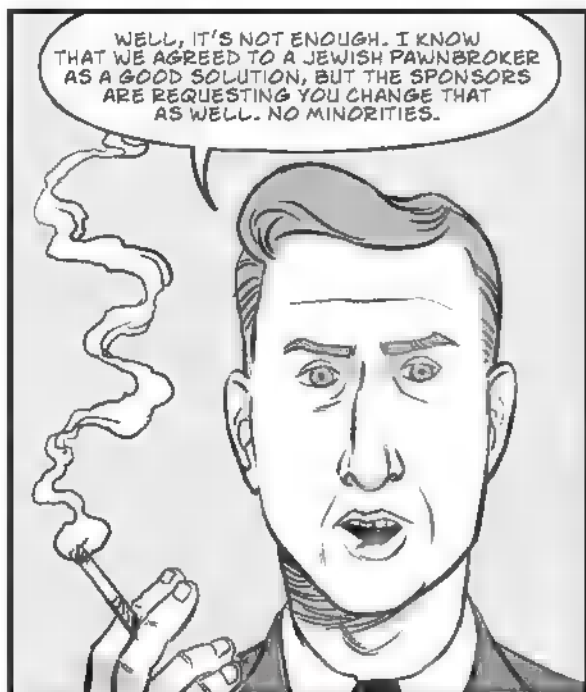
—TILL WAS KIDNAPPED AND BRUTALLY MURDERED BY BRYANT'S HUSBAND AND HIS STEP-BROTHER.



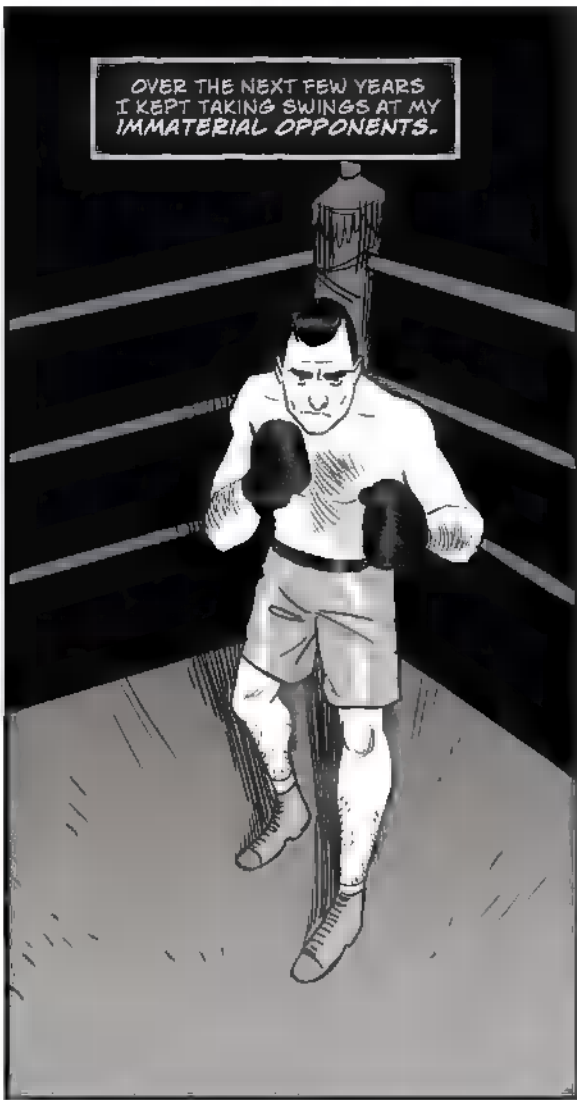
AFTER THE BOY'S BODY EMERGED FROM THE TALLAHATCHIE RIVER, THE TWO WERE PUT ON TRIAL, THEN PROMPTLY ACQUITTED BY AN ALL WHITE JURY.







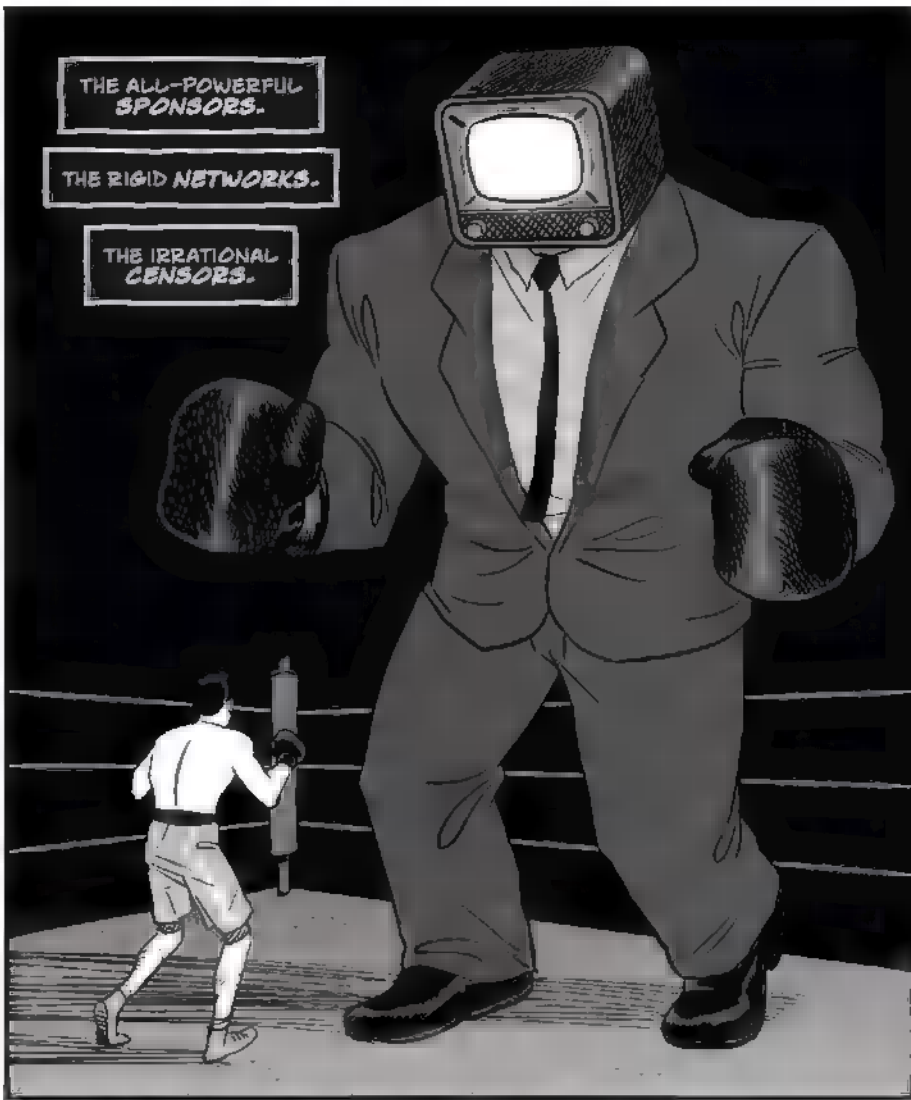
OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS
I KEPT TAKING SWINGS AT MY
IMMATERIAL OPPONENTS.



THE ALL-POWERFUL
SPONSORS.

THE RIGID NETWORKS.

THE IRRATIONAL
CENSORS.



BUT IT WAS
POINTLESS.

I COULDN'T
BEAT THE
SYSTEM FROM
WITHIN.



HAD TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE
SOMETHING BRILLIANT, DESPITE
ALL THE LIMITATIONS.





BY 1956, THE PRESSURE
TO PRODUCE ANOTHER HIT
HAD BECOME UNBEARABLE.



WE HAD INVITED FRIENDS
TO WATCH MY NEWEST TELEDrama:
"REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT."

WAS MORE
PESSIMISTIC
THAN EVER.

SIT DOWN,
ROD! YOU'RE
MAKING ME
DIZZY!

SOMEONE
NEEDS TO
TAKE OUT HIS
BATTERIES!

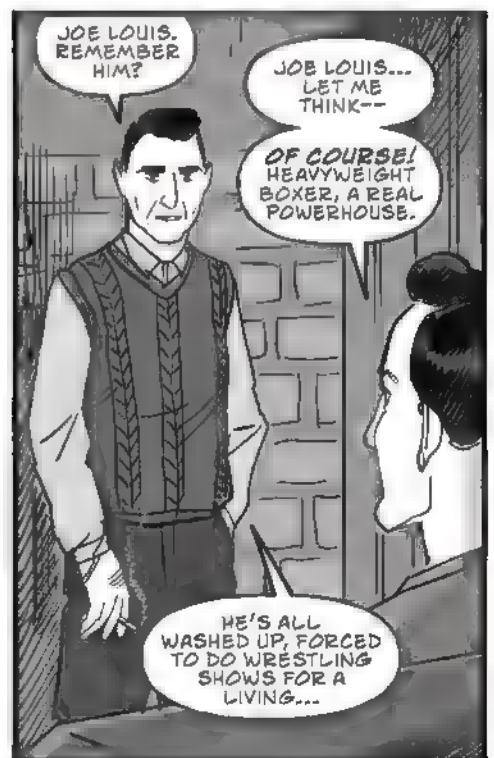


I'M SORRY, EVERYONE.
THERE'S JUST A LOT AT STAKE
HERE. IF THIS PLAY'S A DUD, YOU
MAY AS WELL SEND ME TO
BELLEVUE AND HAVE ME
LOBOTOMIZED.



I'M SURE
IT'LL BE
FINE!

HOW'D YOU GET THE
IDEA FOR THIS
ONE, ANY-
HOW?



JOE LOUIS.
REMEMBER
HIM?

JOB LOUIS...
LET ME
THINK--

OF COURSE!
HEAVYWEIGHT
BOXER, A REAL
POWERHOUSE.

HE'S ALL
WASHED UP, FORCED
TO DO WRESTLING
SHOWS FOR A
LIVING...



WHAT A SHAME.

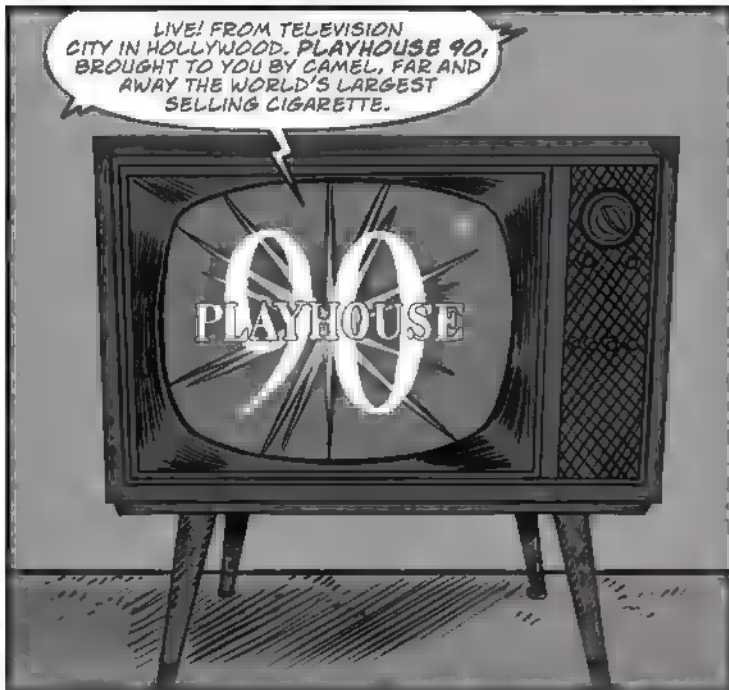


THAT'S SHOWBIZ FOR YOU. ONE DAY YOU'RE ON TOP OF THE WORLD, THE NEXT, YOU'RE A JOKE—FORGOTTEN, HUMILIATED, DISCARDED.

OH, ROD, LIGHTEN UP.



THERE! IT'S STARTING!



LIVE! FROM TELEVISION CITY IN HOLLYWOOD. PLAYHOUSE 90, BROUGHT TO YOU BY CAMEL, FAR AND AWAY THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING CIGARETTE.



THE DOC SAYS YOU'VE HAD IT. NO MORE! SAYS YOU GOTTA LEAVE NOW.

SO WHAT'LL I DO?



WELL, I DUNNO, YOU DO WHATEVER YOU WANNA DO! ANYTHING YOU LIKE! IT'S AS EASY AS THAT!

NO, NO, NO, NO! I MEAN A GUY'S GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!



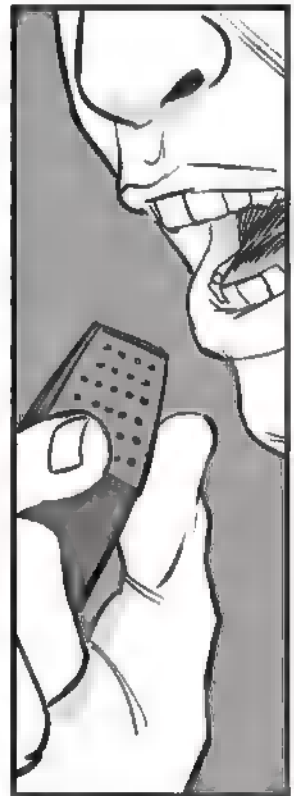
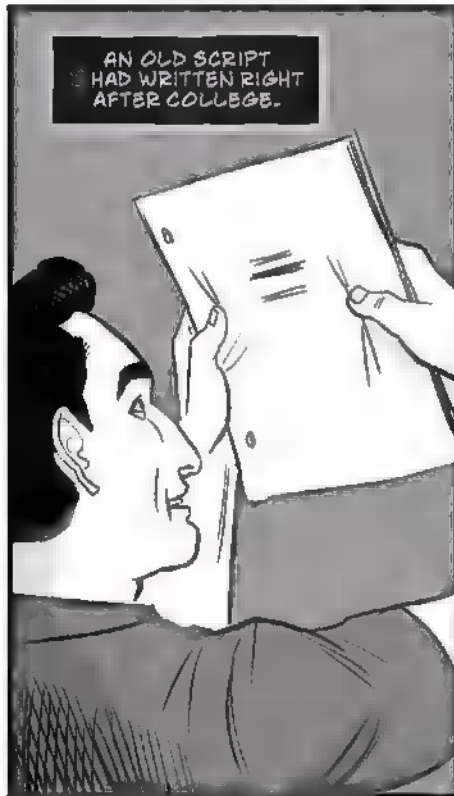
THEN DO SOMETHING!

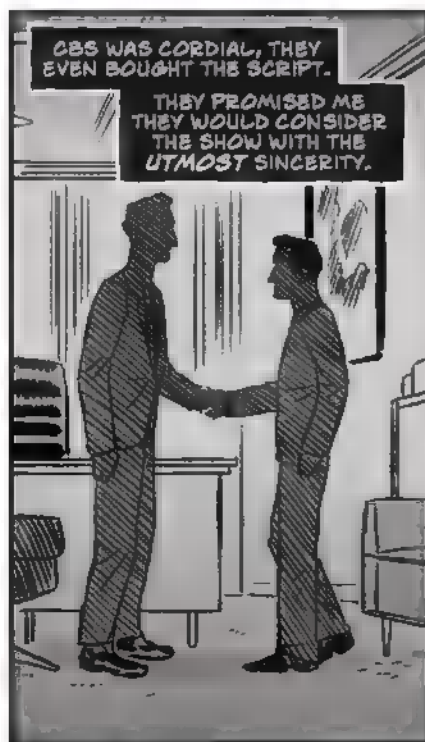
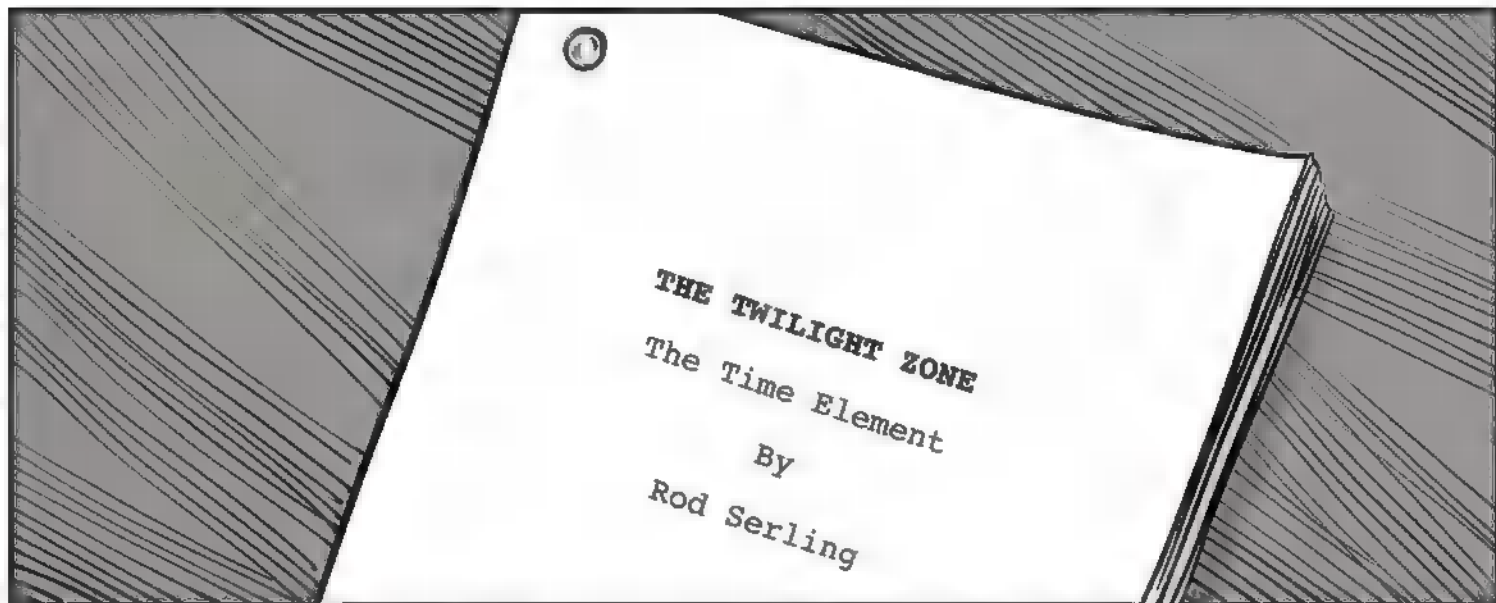
BUT, MAISH, I DUNNO ANYTHIN' BUT FIGHTIN'!

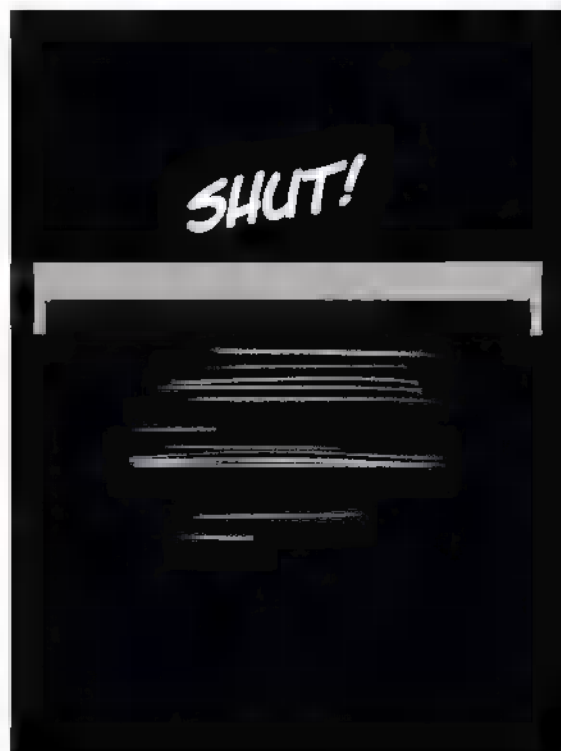










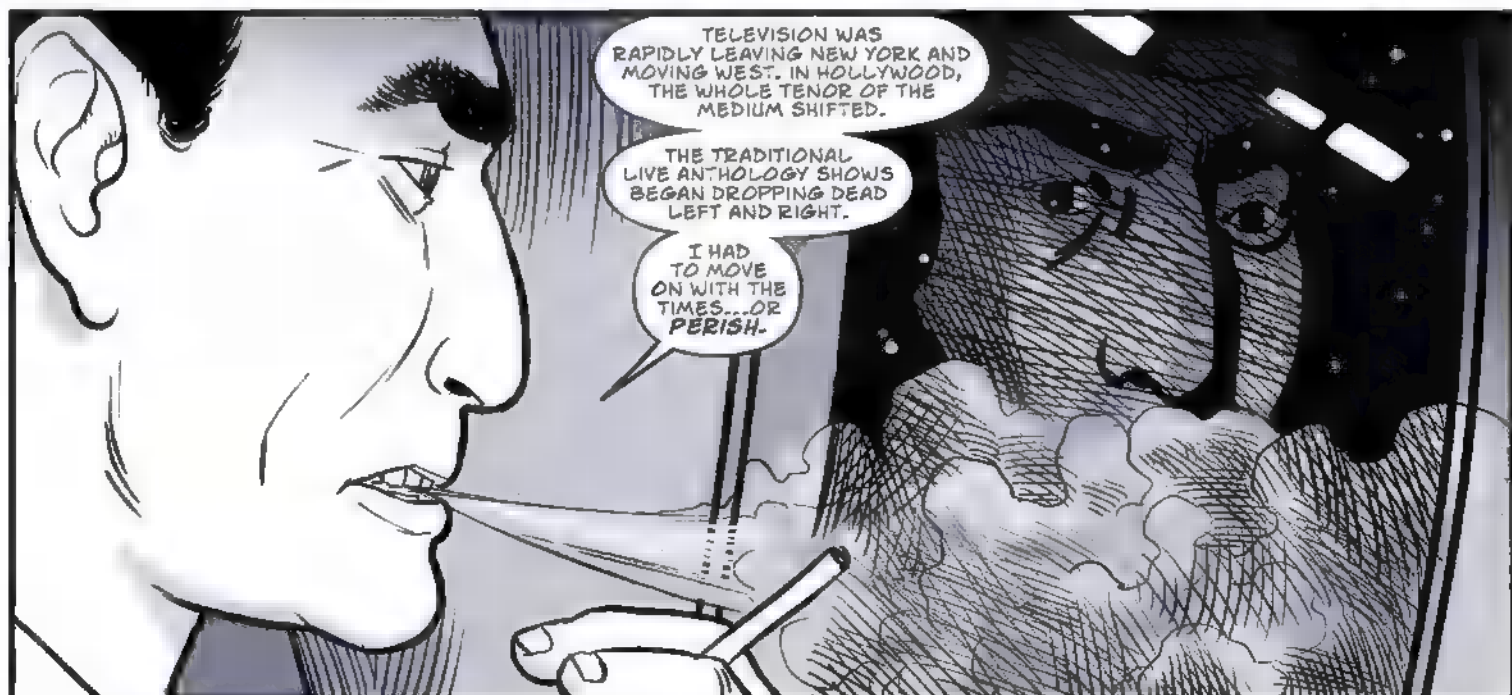




PART III





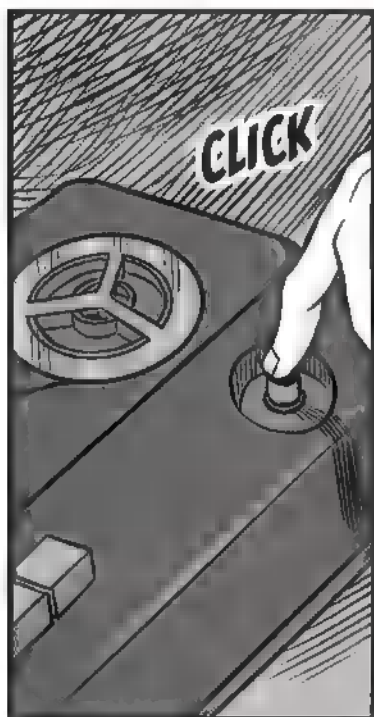


BY LATE '57, I HAD BECOME A PROUD RESIDENT
OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES...

WITH A NINE-BEDROOM
MANSION IN THE PACIFIC
PALISADES, COMPLETE
WITH TENNIS COURT,
POOL...



...AND ALL OTHER TRAPPINGS
OF A SUCCESSFUL
HOLLYWOOD WRITER.



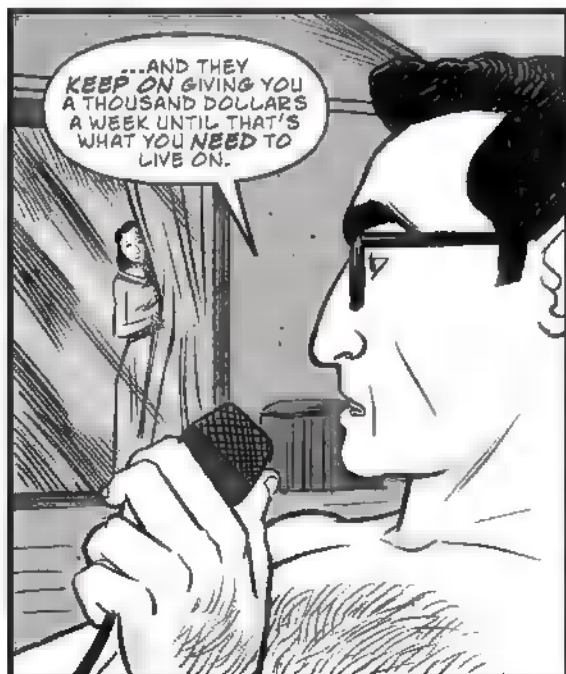
BUBBLELAND, AS
I LIKED TO CALL IT, HAD
GOTTEN TO ME FASTER
THAN A PIRANHA AFTER
A BLEEDING LIMB.

YOU
KNOW HOW
THEY DO IT,
ERNIE?

THEY
GIVE YOU A
THOUSAND
DOLLARS A
WEEK...



...AND THEY
KEEP ON GIVING YOU
A THOUSAND DOLLARS
A WEEK UNTIL THAT'S
WHAT YOU NEED TO
LIVE ON.

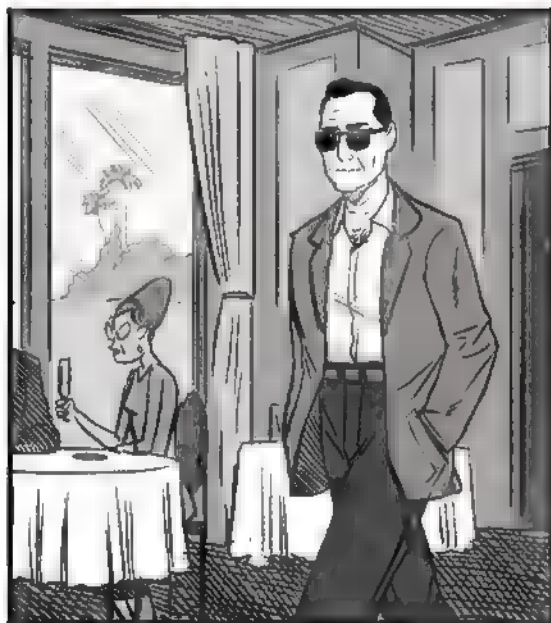


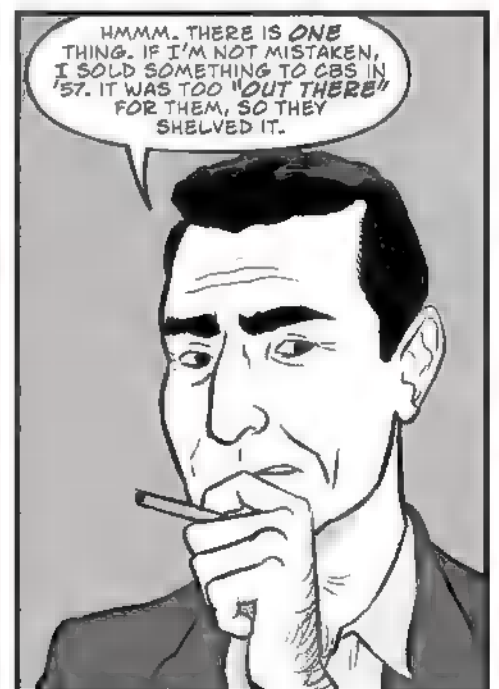
"AND AFTER THAT..."

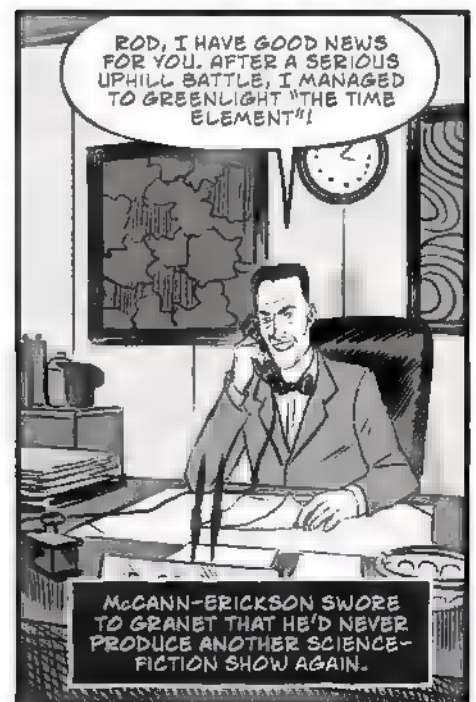
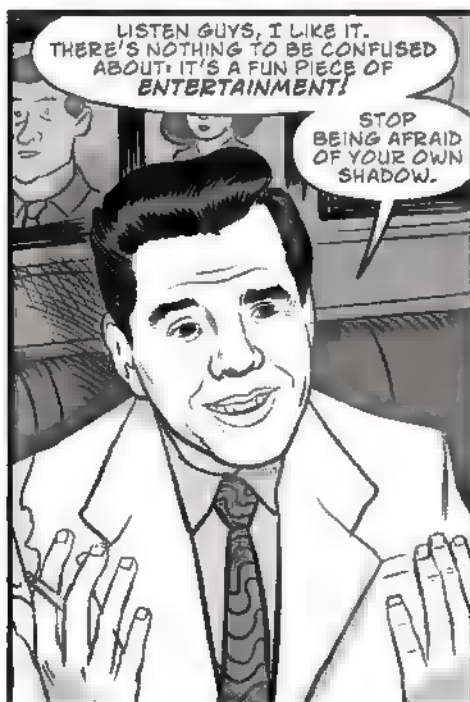


"...YOU LIVE EVERY DAY
AFRAID THAT THEY'LL TAKE
IT AWAY FROM YOU."*









"THE TIME ELEMENT" FINALLY AIRED
ON NOVEMBER 24TH, 1958, AS PART
OF DESILU PLAYHOUSE.



THE EPISODE TELLS THE STORY OF ONE
PETER JENSON, WHO IS SENT BACK IN
TIME TO DECEMBER 1941 AND TRIES TO
WARN PEOPLE ABOUT THE UPCOMING
JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR.

THE TIME ELEMENT

I KNOW WHAT'S
GONNA HAPPEN TOMORROW!
'CAUSE TOMORROW IS DECEMBER
7TH, 1941 TO YOU PEOPLE, BUT
IT'S SEVENTEEN YEARS
AGO TO ME!



I'M TELLING
YOU THAT TOMORROW
MORNING, WE'RE
GONNA GET
ATTACKED!

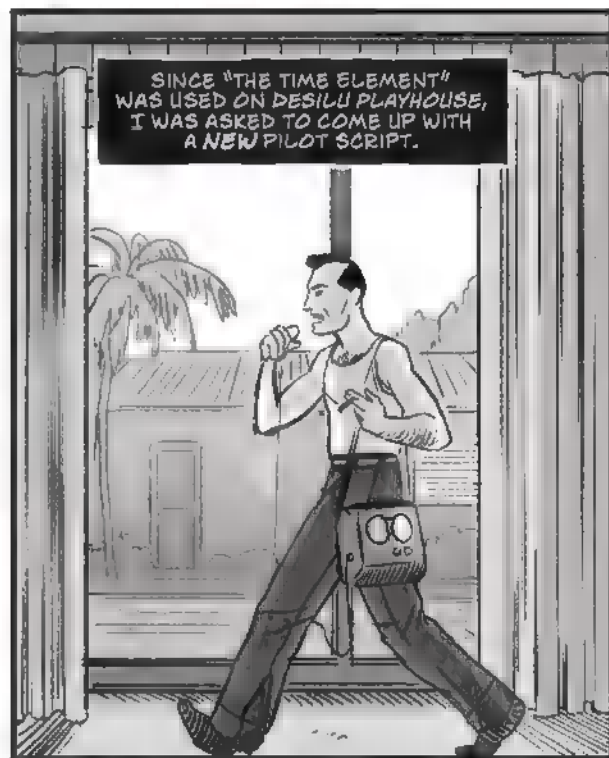
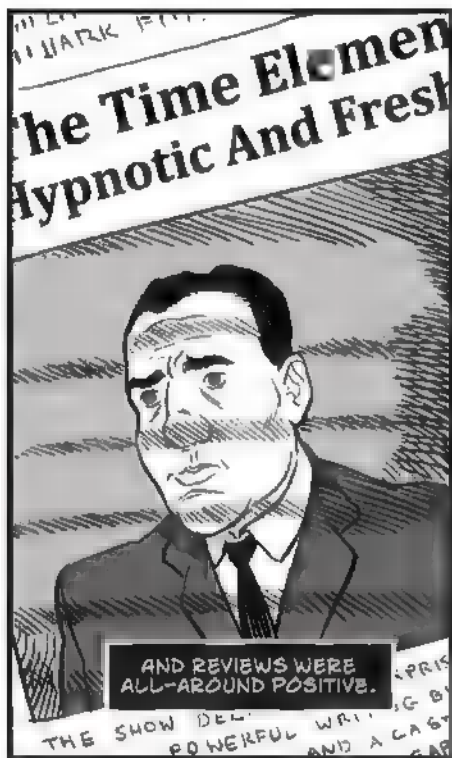


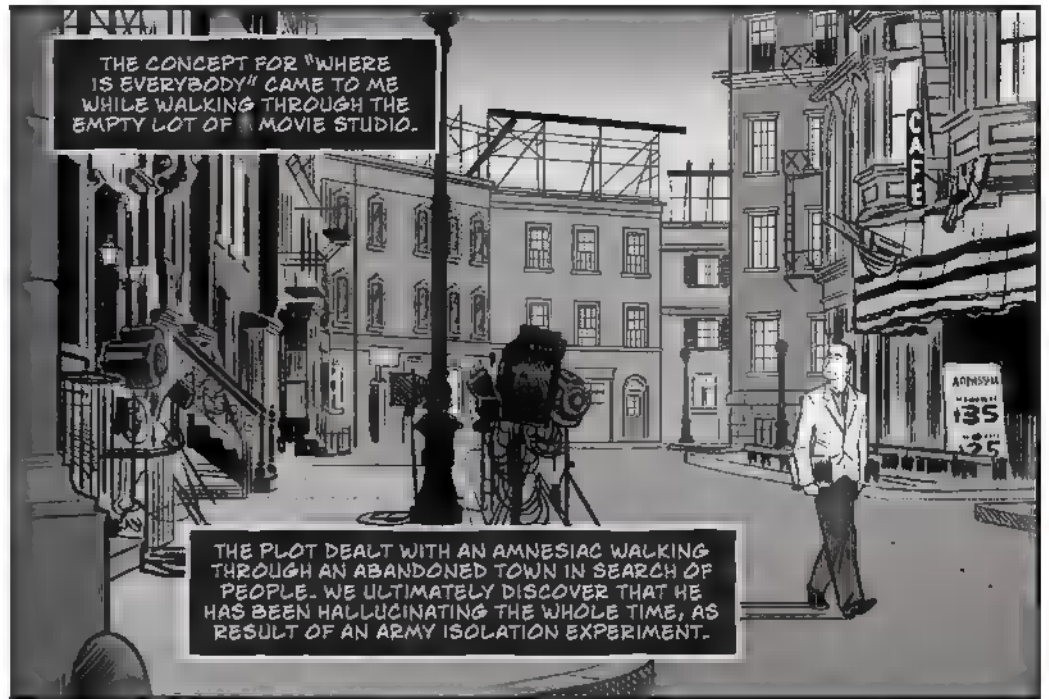
I TOLD
YOU! I TOLD
YOU! I TOLD
YOU!

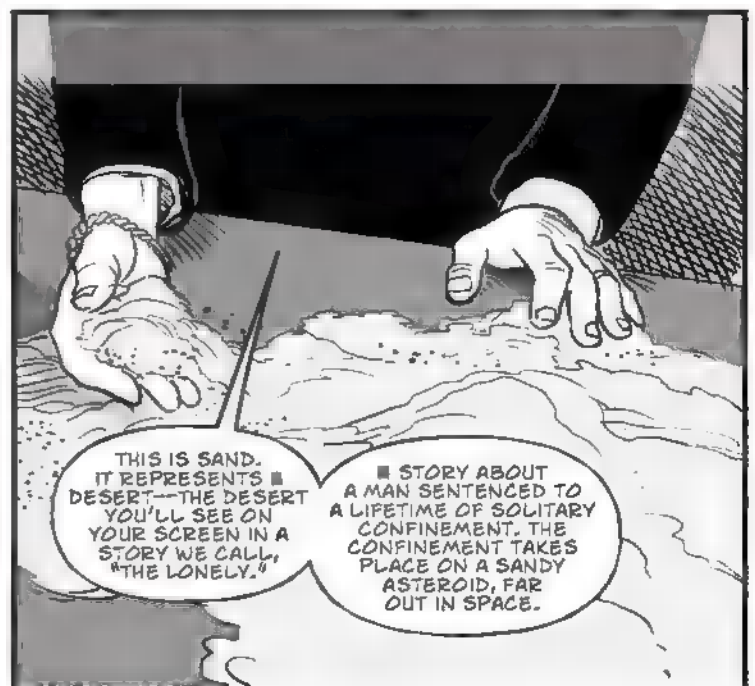
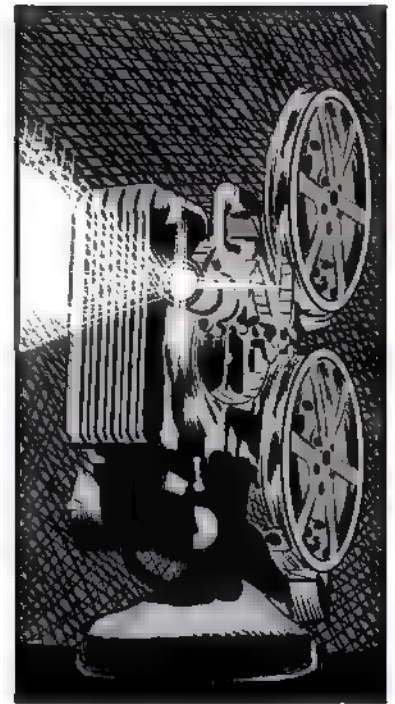


WHY
WOULDN'T
ANYONE
LISTEN TO
ME??













TO CELEBRATE
THE NEWS, CAROL
AND I WENT ON A
LITTLE RETREAT.



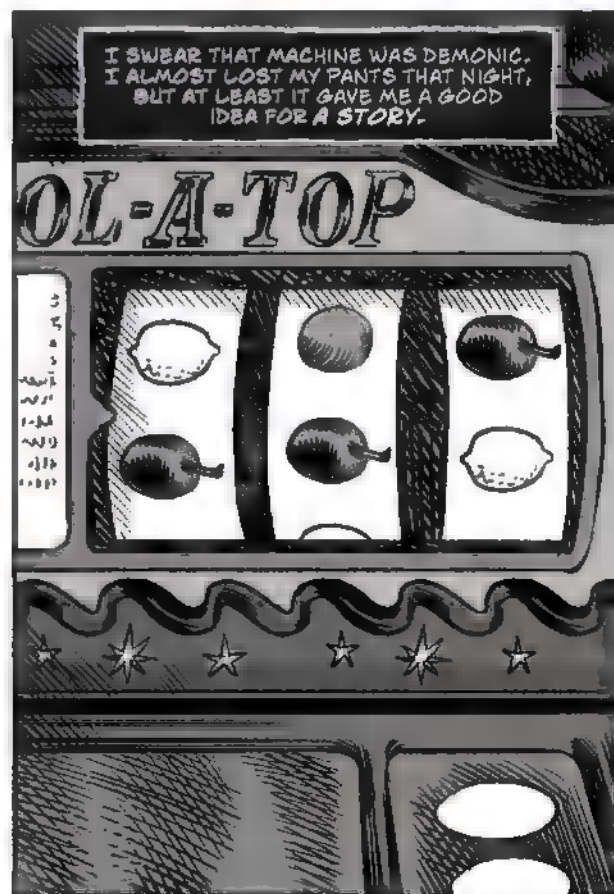
NO, THIS
MACHINE HAS
ENSLAVED
ME!

THEN JUST
CUT YOUR
LOSSES AND
COME BACK
TO THE ROOM,
IT'S GETTING
LATE!



IN A BIT, HONEY,
I JUST NEED A LITTLE
MORE TIME TO GET MY
DAMN MONEY BACK FROM
THIS MECHANICAL
BASTARD.

SUIT
YOURSELF.



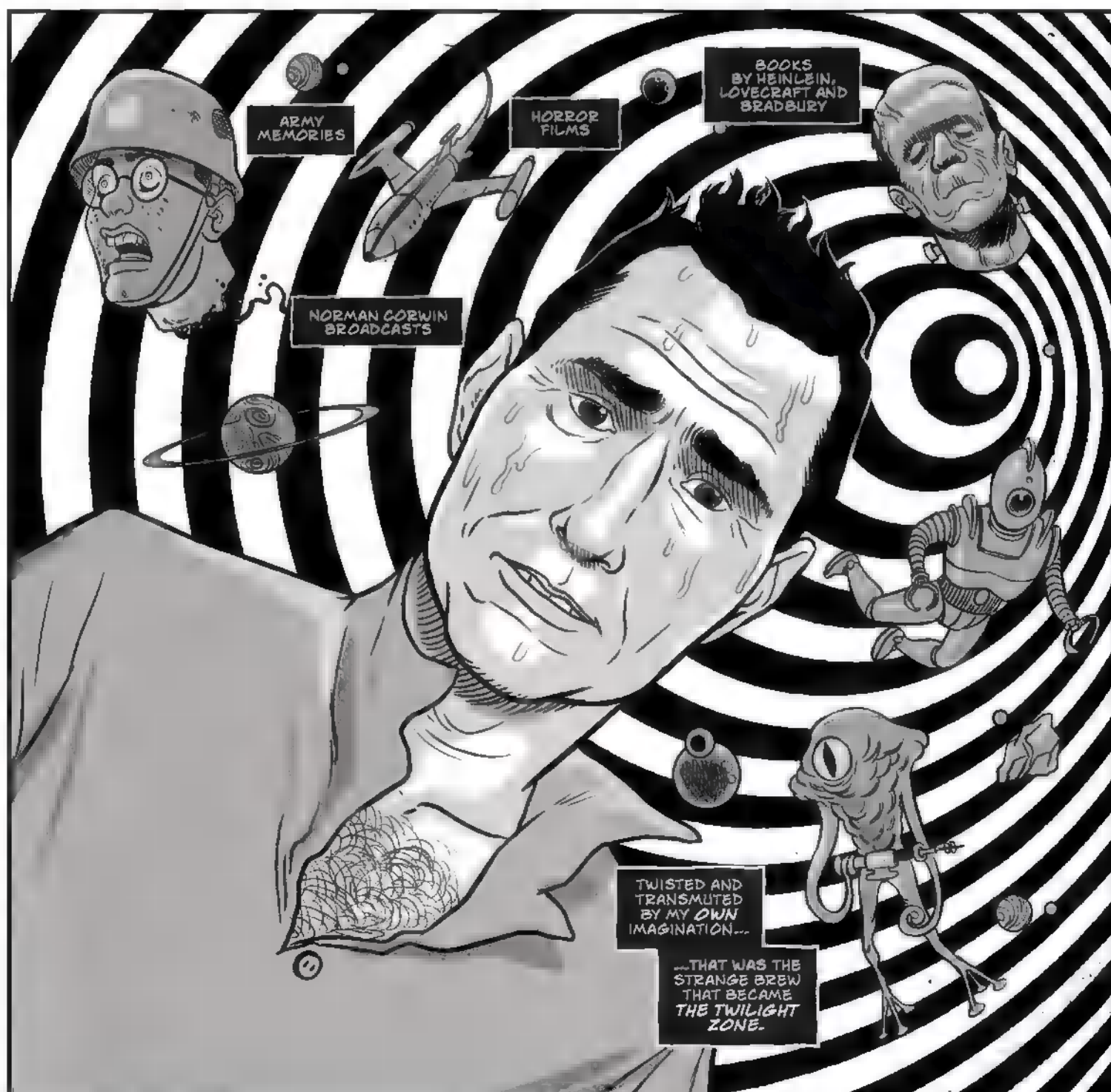
I SWEAR THAT MACHINE WAS DEMONIC.
I ALMOST LOST MY PANTS THAT NIGHT,
BUT AT LEAST IT GAVE ME A GOOD
IDEA FOR A STORY.

OL-A-TOP



THE TWILIGHT ZONE WAS THE RESULT OF THE STRANGE CONCOCTION OF ELEMENTS BREWING IN MY SUBCONSCIOUS.

AS I AWOKE FROM MY NIGHTLY TERRORS, IDEAS WOULD SURFACE UP, AND I WOULD JOT THEM DOWN.



ARMY MEMORIES

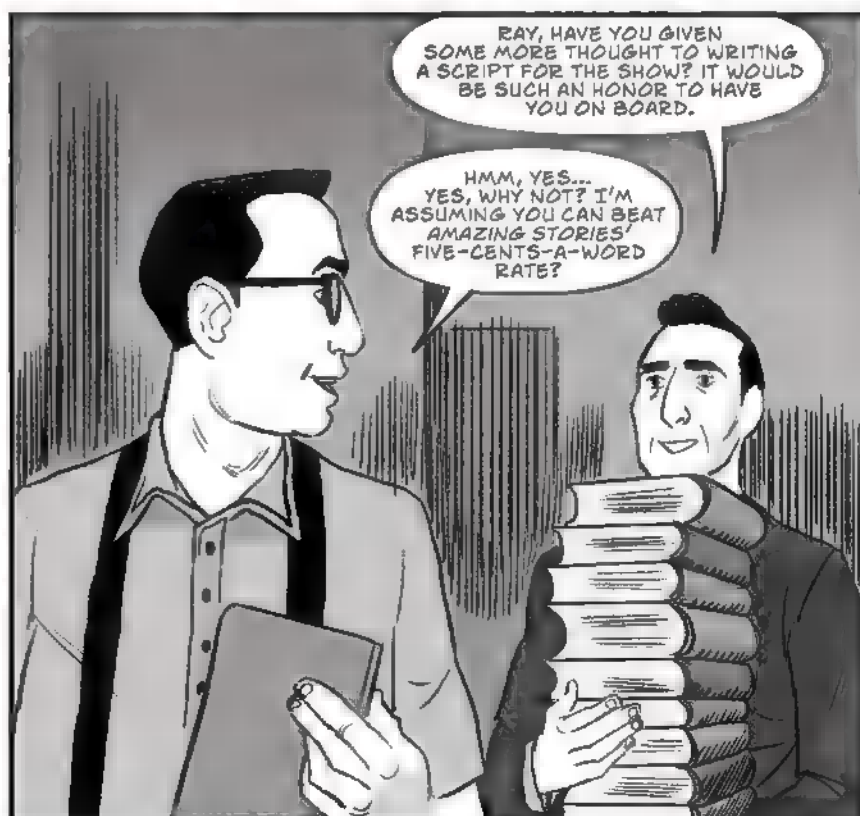
HORROR FILMS

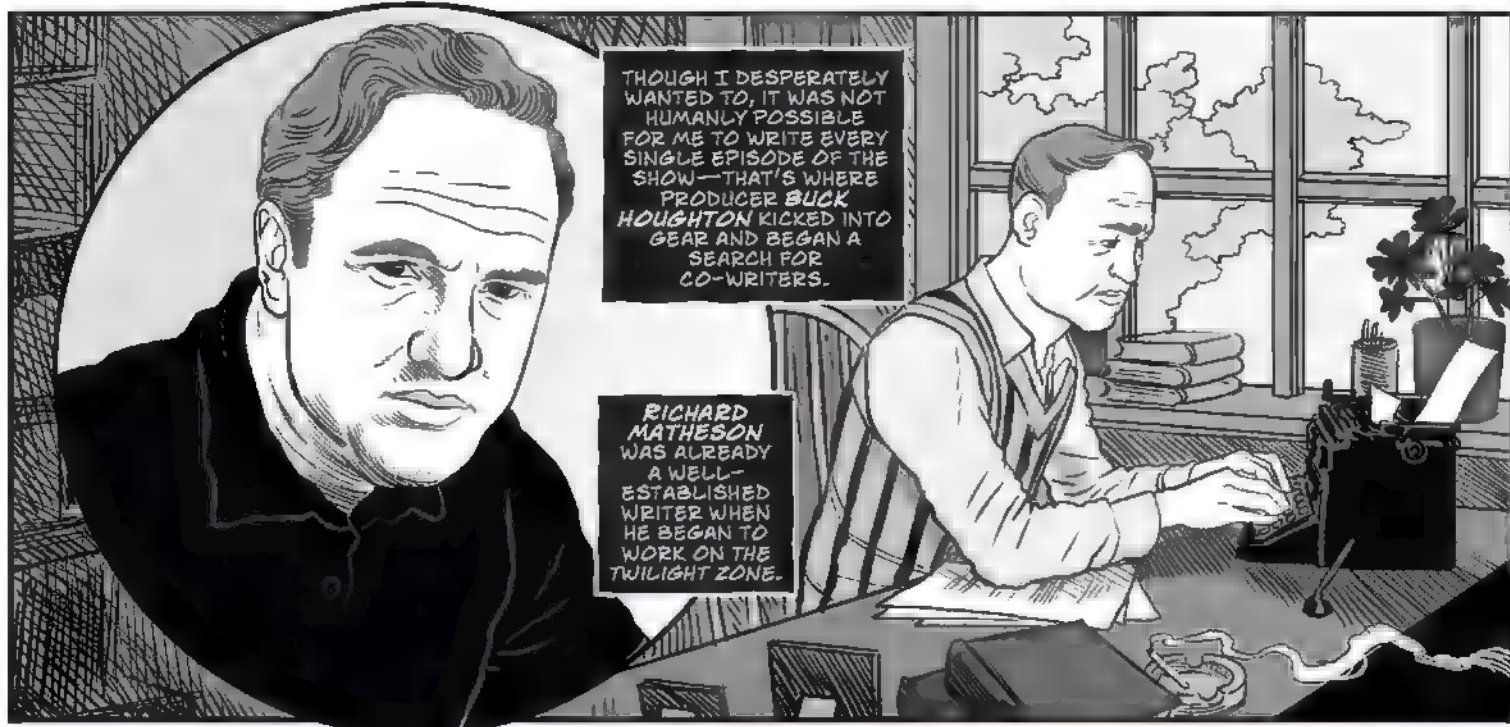
BOOKS BY HEINLEIN, LOVECRAFT AND BRADBURY

NORMAN CORWIN BROADCASTS

TWISTED AND TRANSMUTED BY MY OWN IMAGINATION...

...THAT WAS THE STRANGE BREW THAT BECAME THE TWILIGHT ZONE.





THOUGH I DESPERATELY WANTED TO, IT WAS NOT HUMANLY POSSIBLE FOR ME TO WRITE EVERY SINGLE EPISODE OF THE SHOW—THAT'S WHERE PRODUCER BUCK HOUGHTON KICKED INTO GEAR AND BEGAN A SEARCH FOR CO-WRITERS.

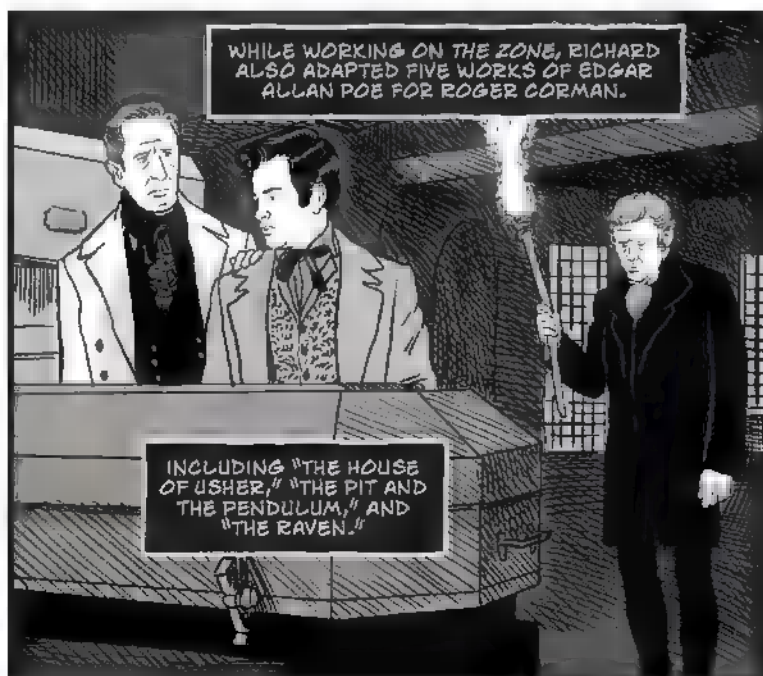
RICHARD MATHESON WAS ALREADY A WELL-ESTABLISHED WRITER WHEN HE BEGAN TO WORK ON THE TWILIGHT ZONE.



HE HAD PUBLISHED SEVERAL NOVELS, INCLUDING *I AM LEGEND* AND *THE SHRINKING MAN*—BOTH OF WHICH WOULD BE ADAPTED INTO FILMS.



HE HAD SOME TELEVISION CREDITS UNDER HIS BELT AS WELL, HAVING WRITTEN FOR WESTERNS SUCH AS *HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL*.



WHILE WORKING ON THE ZONE, RICHARD ALSO ADAPTED FIVE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE FOR ROGER CORMAN.

INCLUDING "THE HOUSE OF USHER," "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM," AND "THE RAVEN."



IN ALL, RICHARD WROTE SIXTEEN EPISODES OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE. SOME OF HIS MOST FAMOUS SCRIPTS WERE "NIGHTMARE AT 20,000 FEET" AND "STEEL."



IN THE FALL OF '59, I WENT ON A MEDIA TOUR TO PROMOTE THE DEBUT OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE....

MY LAST STOP WAS THE MIKE WALLACE SHOW.

THIS IS MIKE WALLACE WITH ANOTHER TELEVISION INTERVIEW IN OUR GALLERY OF COLORFUL PEOPLE. IN TELEVISION DRAMA, FEW NAMES HAVE THE PRESTIGE OF THAT OF OUR GUEST.

ROD SERLING IS THE ONLY WRITER TO HAVE WON THREE EMMY AWARDS, FOR "REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT," "PATTERNS" AND "THE COMEDIAN." WE'LL TALK TO HIM ABOUT CENSORSHIP IN TELEVISION, HIS FIGHT TO SAY WHAT HE BELIEVES, AND WE'LL LEARN WHAT HE MEANS BY "THE PRICE TAG THAT HANGS ON SUCCESS."

THE
MIKE WALLACE
Show

YOU'VE GOT A NEW SERIES COMING UP CALLED THE TWILIGHT ZONE. YOU'RE WRITING, AS WELL AS ACTING, AS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, ON THIS ONE. WHO CONTROLS THE FINAL PRODUCT: YOU OR THE SPONSOR?

WE HAVE A GOOD WORKING RELATIONSHIP, WHEREIN QUESTIONS OF TASTE AND OF THE ARTFORM ITSELF, I'M THE JUDGE, BECAUSE THIS IS MY MEDIUM AND I UNDERSTAND IT.

I'M A
DRAMATIST FOR
TELEVISION.

THIS IS
THE AREA
I KNOW.

I'VE BEEN TRAINED FOR IT. I'VE WORKED FOR AND IN IT FOR TWELVE YEARS, AND THE SPONSOR KNOWS HIS PRODUCT BUT HE DOESN'T KNOW MINE. SO WHEN IT COMES TO THE COMMERCIALS, I LEAVE THAT UP TO HIM. WHEN IT COMES TO THE STORY CONTENT, HE LEAVES IT UP TO ME.



IS PRE-CENSORSHIP* INVOLVED? ARE YOU SIMPLY WRITING EASY?



IN THIS PARTICULAR AREA, NO, BECAUSE WE'RE DEALING WITH A HALF-HOUR SHOW WHICH CANNOT PROBE LIKE A NINETY, WHICH DOESN'T USE SCRIPTS AS VEHICLES OF SOCIAL CRITICISM. THESE ARE STRICTLY FOR ENTERTAINMENT.



THESE ARE POTBOILERS.**

OH, NO. I WOULDN'T CALL THEM "POTBOILERS" AT ALL. NO, THESE ARE VERY ADULT, HIGH-QUALITY, HALF-HOUR, EXTREMELY POLISHED FILMS.

BUT BECAUSE THEY DEAL IN THE AREAS OF FANTASY AND IMAGINATION AND SCIENCE FICTION, THERE'S NO OPPORTUNITY TO COP A PLEA OR CHOP AN AXE OR ANYTHING.



SO, IN ESSENCE, FOR THE TIME BEING AND FOR THE FORESEEABLE FUTURE, YOU'VE GIVEN UP ON WRITING ANYTHING IMPORTANT FOR TELEVISION, RIGHT?



WELL, AGAIN, THIS IS A SEMANTIC THING-- "IMPORTANT FOR TELEVISION"? I DON'T KNOW.

IF BY NOT IMPORTANT, YOU MEAN I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO DELVE INTO CURRENT SOCIAL PROBLEMS DRAMATICALLY, YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT. I'M NOT.



*A TERM DISCUSSED BY TELEVISION PLAYWRIGHT PADDY CHAYEFSKY: THE PRACTICE OF A WRITER CENSORING HIS OR HER OWN WORK IN ANTICIPATION OF THE NETWORK AND/OR SPONSORS' FUTURE RESISTANCE

**A BOOK, PAINTING, OR RECORDING PRODUCED MERELY TO MAKE A LIVING BY CATERING TO POPULAR TASTE



ROD, HERBERT BRODKIN, A TV PRODUCER ASSOCIATED WITH SOME OF YOUR EARLIER PLAYS, HAS SAID THIS ABOUT YOU: "ROD IS EITHER GOING TO STAY COMMERCIAL OR BECOME A DISCERNING ARTIST, BUT **NOT BOTH.**"

NOW, HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT YOU'RE SELLING YOURSELF **SHORT** BY TAKING ON A SERIES WHICH, BY YOUR OWN ADMISSION, IS GOING TO BE A SERIES PRIMARILY DESIGNED TO ENTERTAIN?



I PRESUME HERB MEANS THAT INHERENTLY YOU CANNOT BE COMMERCIAL AND ARTISTIC. YOU CANNOT BE COMMERCIAL AND OFFER QUALITY.

YOU CANNOT BE COMMERCIAL CONCURRENT WITH HAVING A PREOCCUPATION WITH THE LEVEL OF STORYTELLING THAT YOU WANT TO ACHIEVE. AND THIS I HAVE TO REJECT.



I THINK YOU **CAN** BE. I DON'T THINK CALLING SOMETHING "COMMERCIAL" TAGS IT WITH A KIND OF ODIOUS SUGGESTION THAT IT STINKS, THAT IT'S SOMETHING RAUNCHY TO BE ASHAMED OF.



HOW MANY HOURS A DAY DO YOU WORK RIGHT NOW AS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER AND/OR WRITER ON THE TWILIGHT ZONE?

TWELVE TO FOURTEEN HOURS A DAY.

HOW MANY DAYS A WEEK?

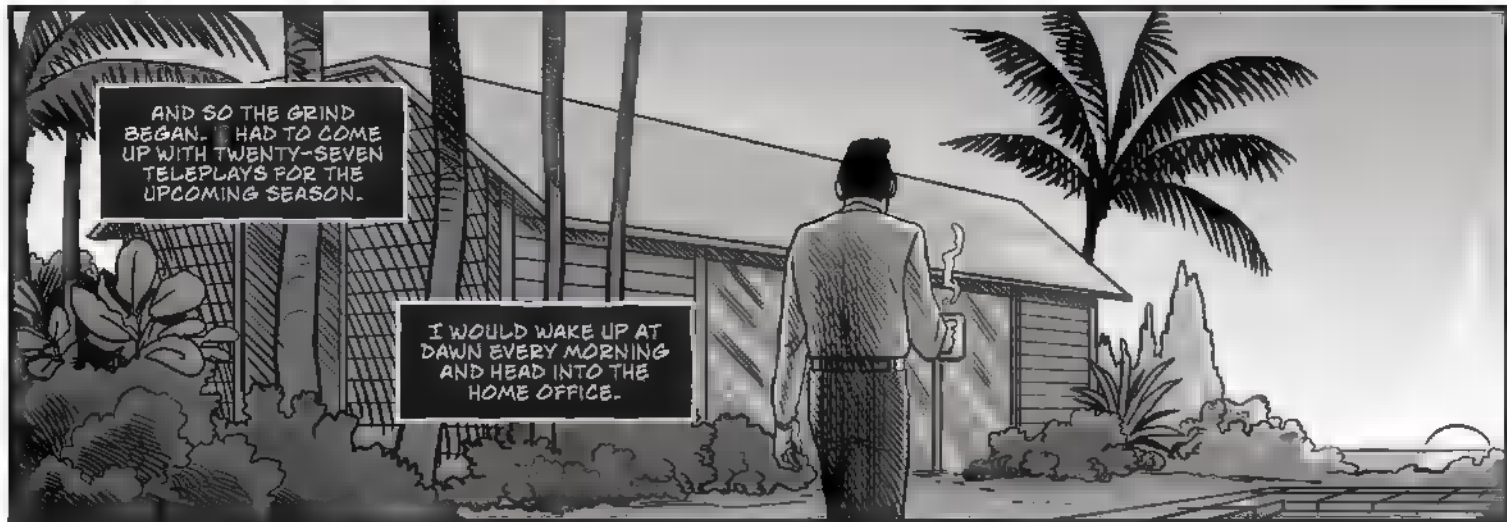
SEVEN.



I'M NOT ASKING FOR FIGURES HERE, BUT OBVIOUSLY THE TWILIGHT ZONE IS YOUR OWN CREATION. I THINK THAT OUR AUDIENCE WOULD BE FASCINATED TO KNOW, HOW RICH CAN A FELLOW GET UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES?

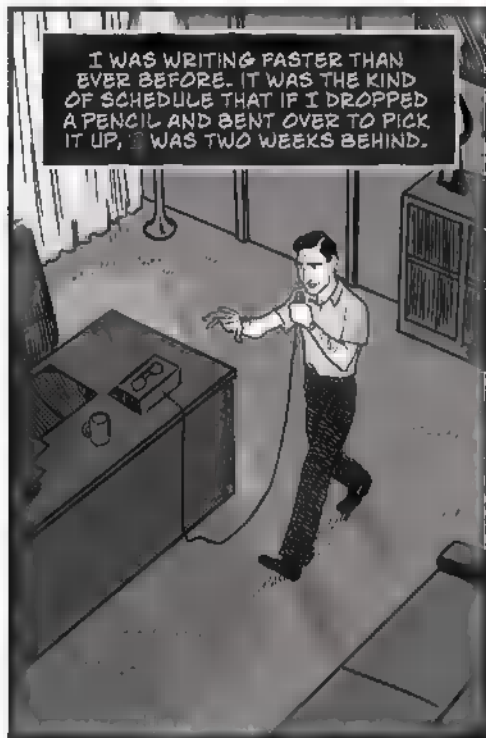


WELL, IF THE SHOW IS SUCCESSFUL, HE CAN GET TREMENDOUSLY RICH.



AND SO THE GRIND BEGAN. I HAD TO COME UP WITH TWENTY-SEVEN TELEPLAYS FOR THE UPCOMING SEASON.

I WOULD WAKE UP AT DAWN EVERY MORNING AND HEAD INTO THE HOME OFFICE.



I WAS WRITING FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE. IT WAS THE KIND OF SCHEDULE THAT IF I DROPPED A PENCIL AND BENT OVER TO PICK IT UP, I WAS TWO WEEKS BEHIND.



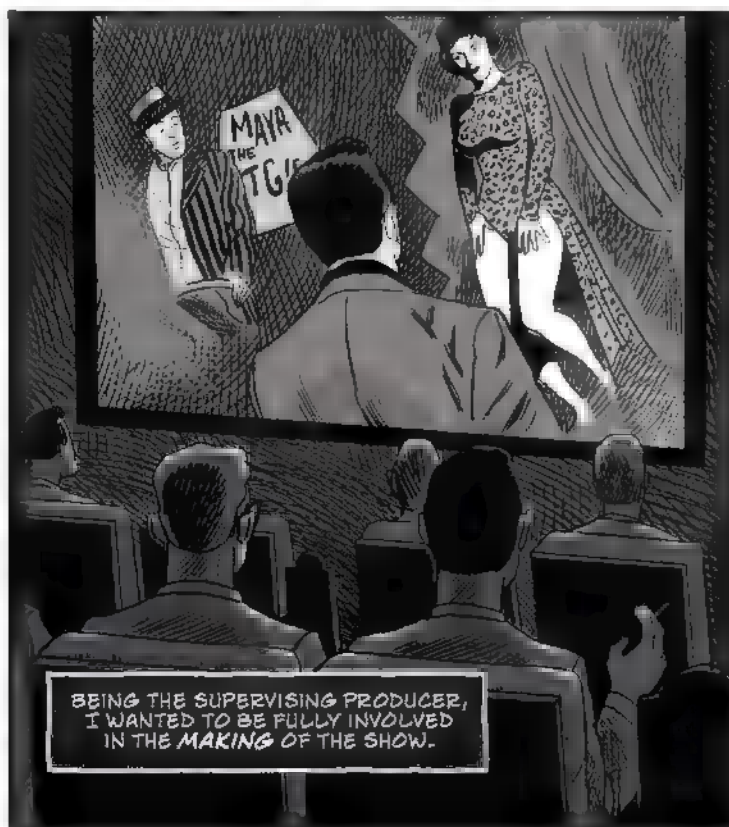
FATE'S THE NAME, HENRY J. FATE. AND YOU ARE AL DENTON, AND YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY. YOU SHOULDN'T, YOU KNOW... YOU SHOULDN'T RUN AWAY.



I SHOULDN'T? YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT. I SHOULDN'T RUN AWAY, I SHOULD STAY HERE AND GET SHOT TO DEATH!



EVERY DAY AROUND NOON, WHEN I COULDN'T WRITE ANYMORE, I WOULD HEAD TO THE STUDIO.

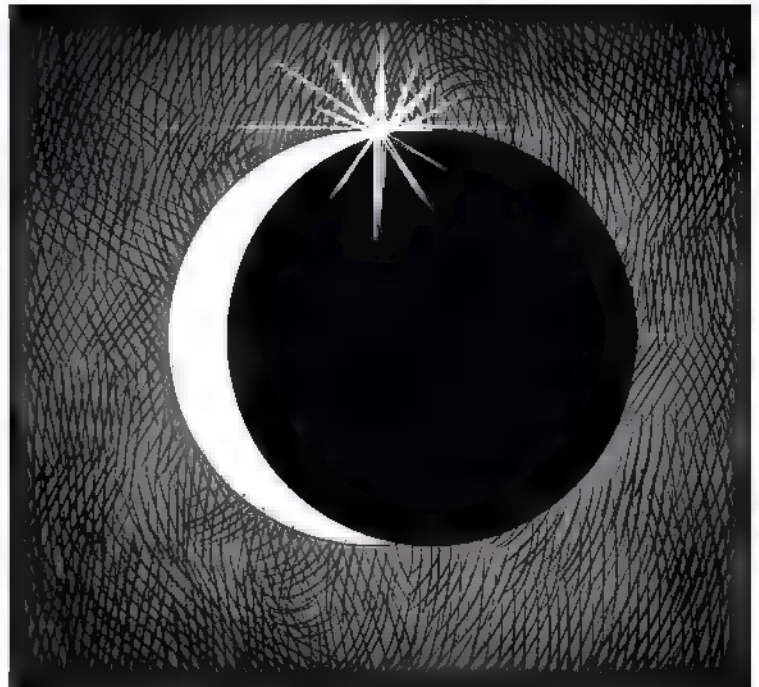


BEING THE SUPERVISING PRODUCER, I WANTED TO BE FULLY INVOLVED IN THE MAKING OF THE SHOW.

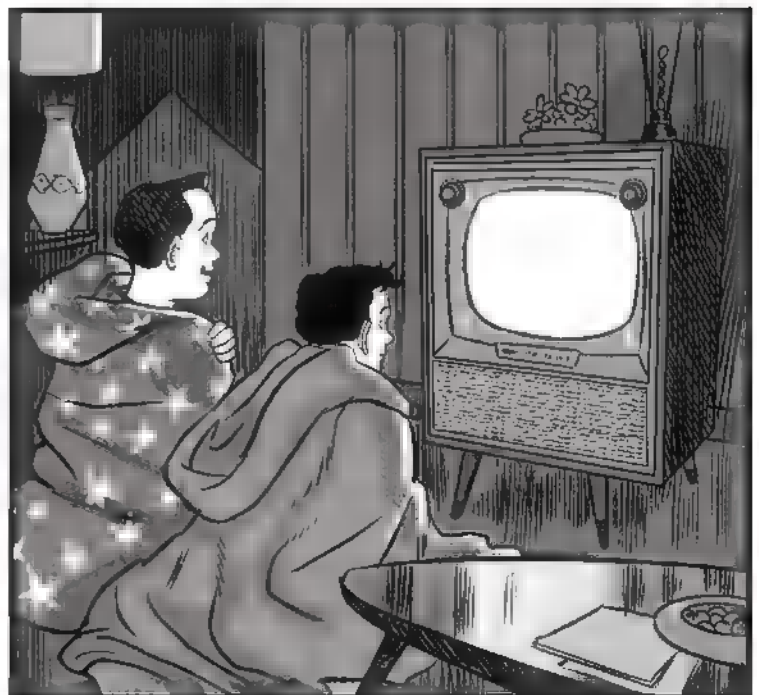
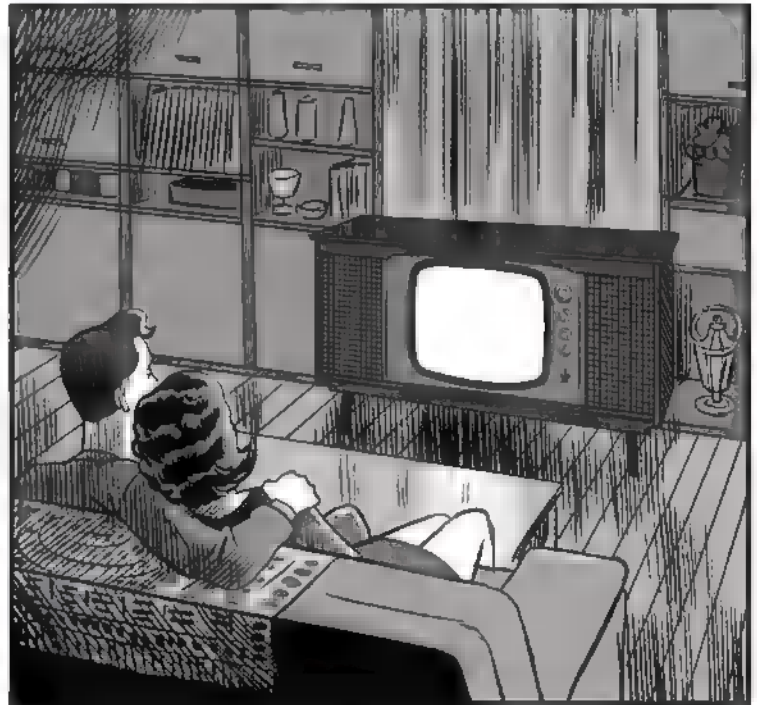
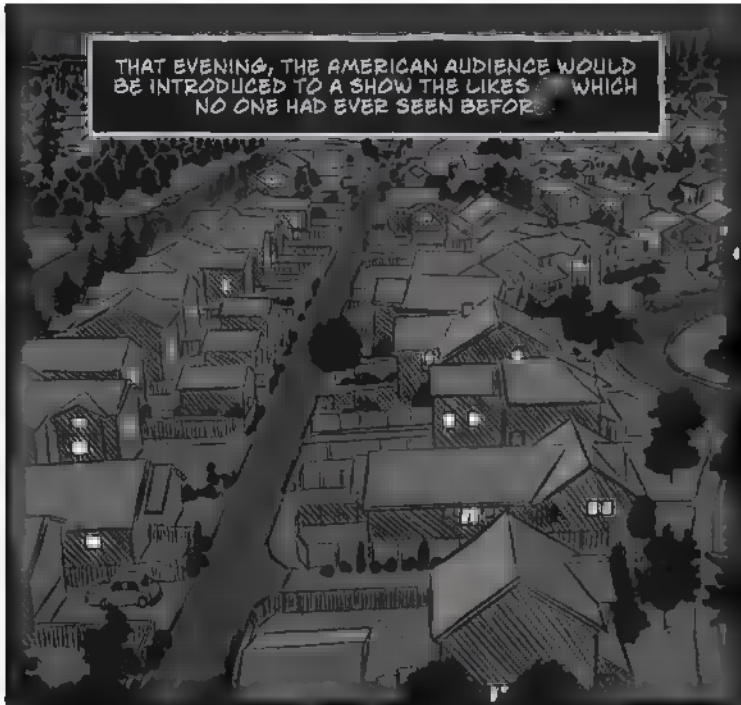


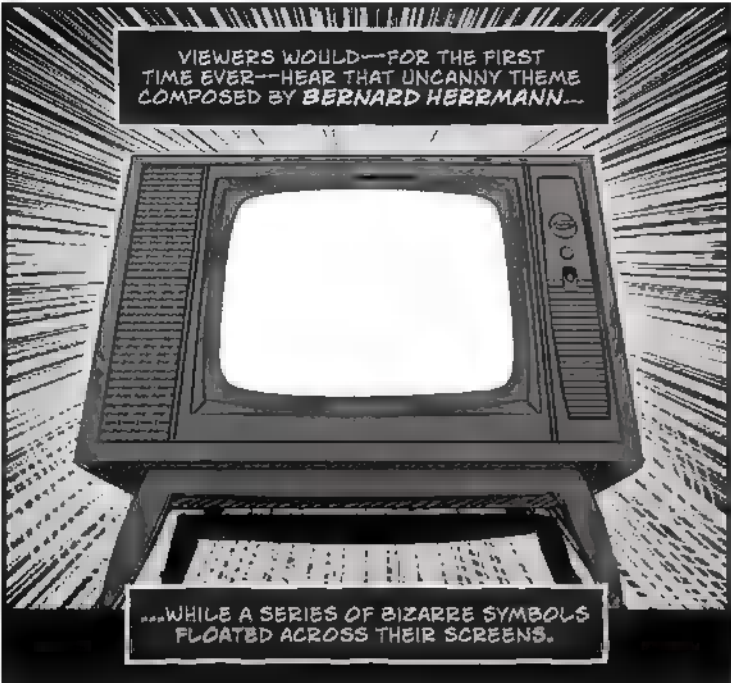
AT NIGHT, I WOULD DRAG MYSELF HOME, AND PROMPTLY CRASH.

ON OCTOBER 2ND, 1959, THE
NORTHERN UNITED STATES WOULD
WITNESS A FULL SOLAR ECLIPSE.



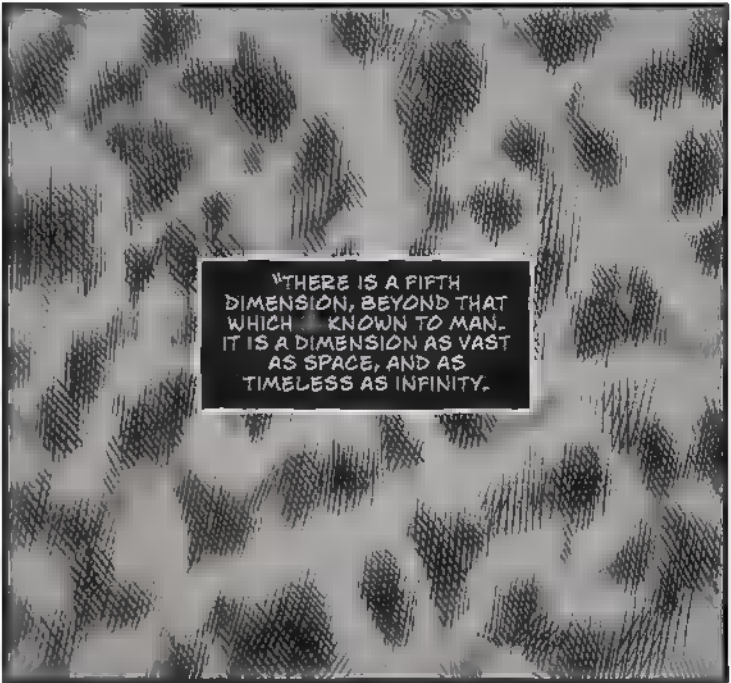
THAT EVENING, THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE WOULD
BE INTRODUCED TO A SHOW THE LIKES WHICH
NO ONE HAD EVER SEEN BEFORE.



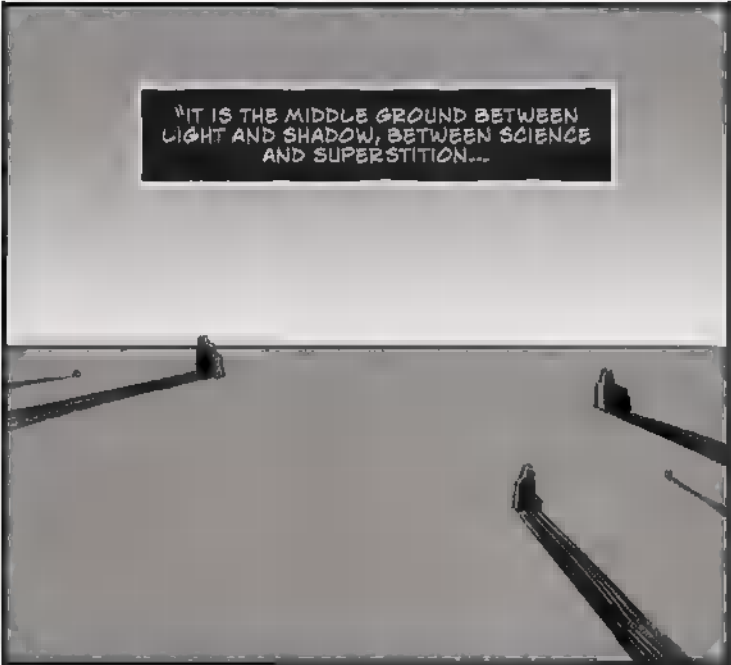


VIEWERS WOULD—FOR THE FIRST
TIME EVER—HEAR THAT UNCANNY THEME
COMPOSED BY BERNARD HERRMANN...

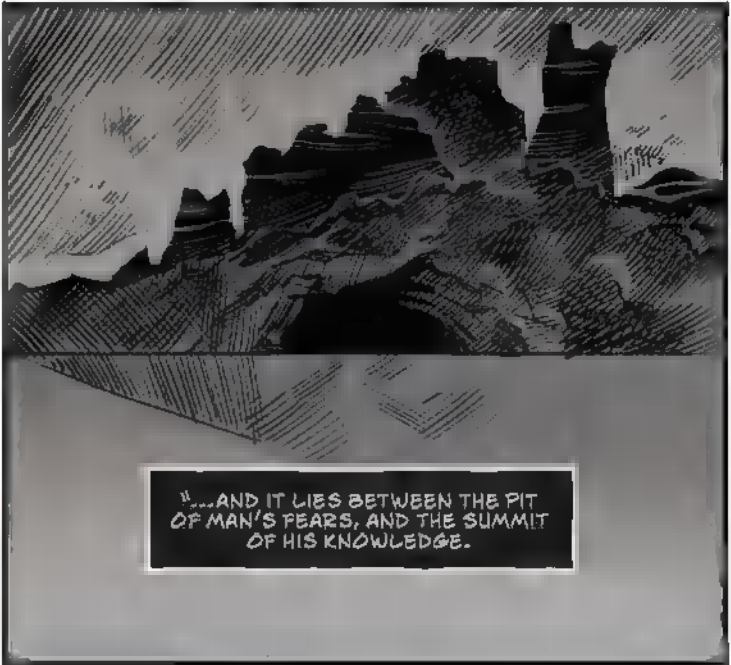
...WHILE A SERIES OF BIZARRE SYMBOLS
FLOATED ACROSS THEIR SCREENS.



“THERE IS A FIFTH
DIMENSION, BEYOND THAT
WHICH IS KNOWN TO MAN.
IT IS A DIMENSION AS VAST
AS SPACE, AND AS
TIMELESS AS INFINITY.



“IT IS THE MIDDLE GROUND BETWEEN
LIGHT AND SHADOW, BETWEEN SCIENCE
AND SUPERSTITION...”



“...AND IT LIES BETWEEN THE PIT
OF MAN'S FEARS, AND THE SUMMIT
OF HIS KNOWLEDGE.



“THIS IS THE DIMENSION
OF IMAGINATION. IT IS AN
AREA WHICH WE CALL...”



The TWILIGHT ZONE



THROUGHOUT ITS TENURE,
THE SHOW WOULD NEVER BECOME
A RATINGS TRIUMPH, BUT IT SLOWLY
GATHERED A SIGNIFICANT GROUP
OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS.

MEANWHILE, THE CRITICAL
RESPONSE, HIGH PRODUCTION
QUALITY AND UNUSUAL SUBJECT
MATTER STARTED GENERATING
SOME HEAT AROUND
HOLLYWOOD.

HIGH-CALIBER
ACTORS AND
DIRECTORS
WOULD ROUTINELY
REQUEST TO ENTER
"THE ZONE."

HOLLYWOOD



CAROL BURNETT



DENNIS HOPPER



ROBERT REDFORD



BUSTER KEATON



DON RICKLES



GEORGE TAKEI



WILLIAM SHATNER



JULIE NEWMAR



JACQUES TOURNEUR



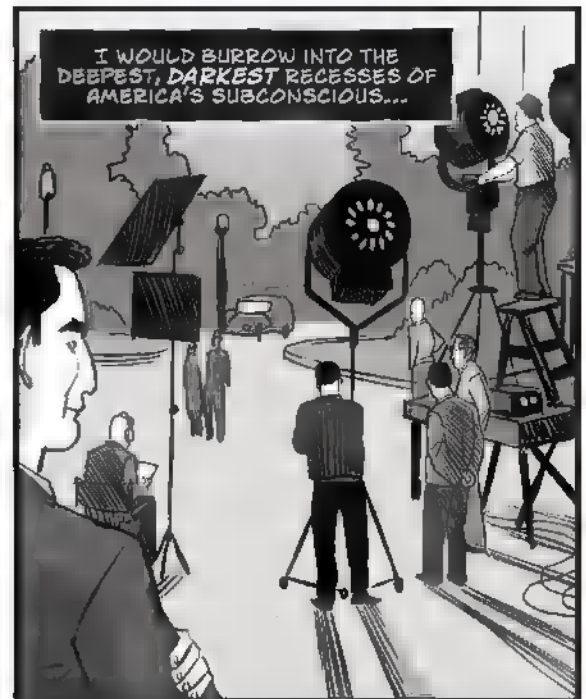
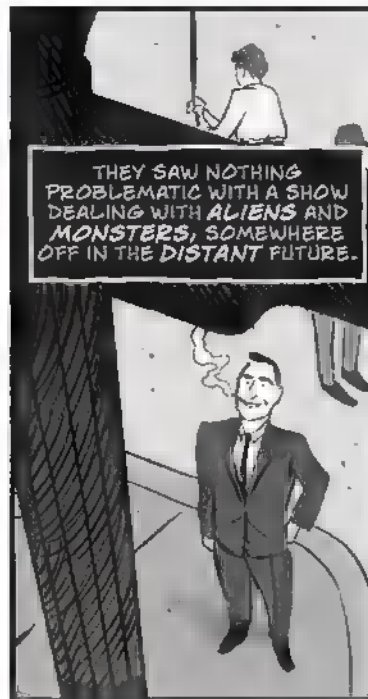
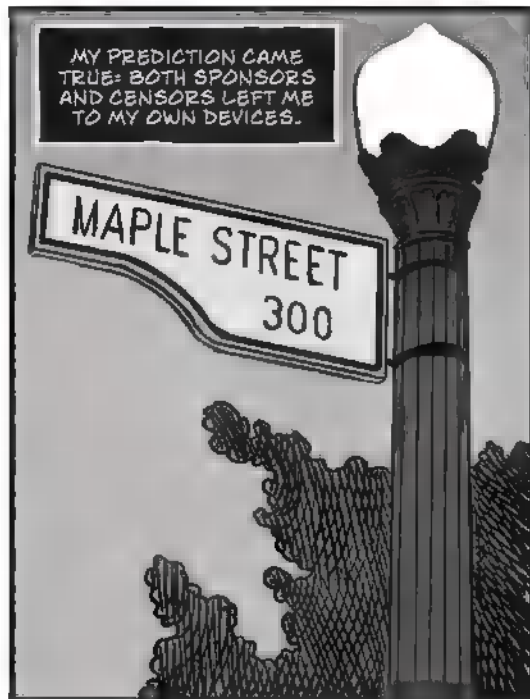
IDA LUPINO



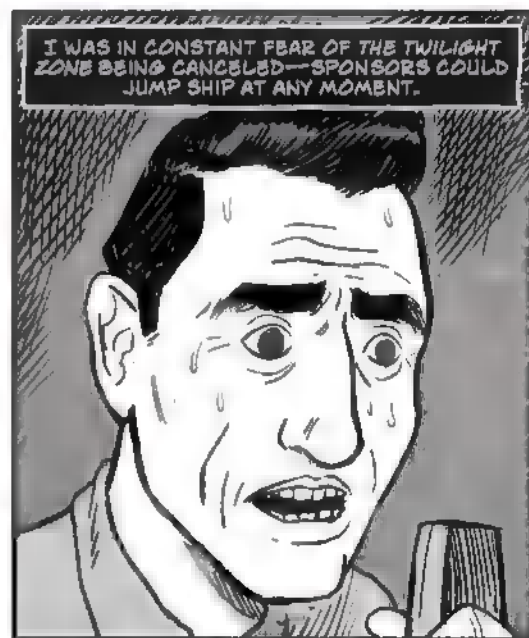
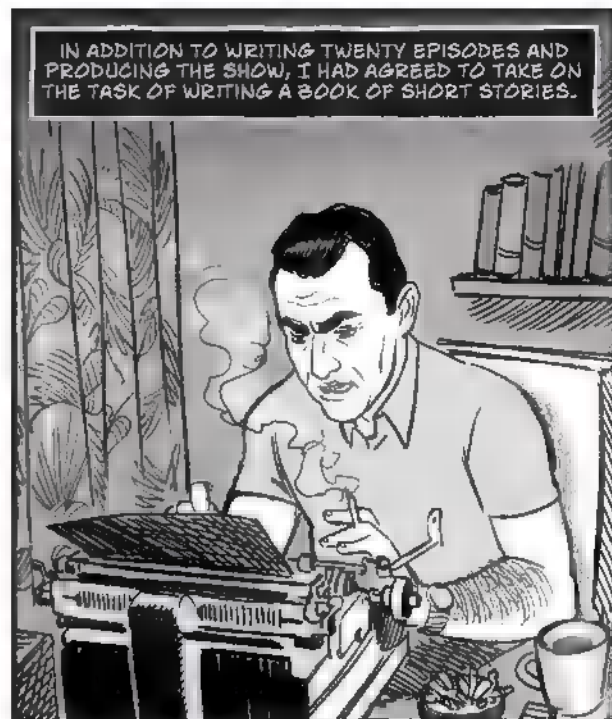
RICHARD DONNER



DON SIEGEL









THE STRAINS OF WORK WERE ALSO MAKING THEIR WAY INTO THE FEW HOURS I'D SALVAGED FOR MY FAMILY.



WHAT WE NEED HERE, WILLIAMS, IS A SHOW WITH PIZZAZZ, AN ENTERTAINER WITH MOXY! WE'VE GOT TO SEIZE THE AUDIENCE FOR YEARS. GIVE THEM A YANK! JARR 'EM! ROCK 'EM! GIVE 'EM THE OL' PUSH! PUSH! PUSH!

I UNDERSTAND, MR. MISRELL.



NOW IT'S GOTTA BE BRIGHT, WILLIAMS, BRIGHT WITH...

I'M TRYING TO--

---COMEDY!
IT'S GOTTA HAVE IT ALL! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH! NOW IT'S GOTTA BE BRIGHT, WILLIAMS! THIS IS A PUSH BUSINESS! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!



THAT'S THE KIND OF SHOW THAT PEOPLE LIKE.

I UNDERSTAND MR. MISRELL, I UNDERSTAND. I'LL DO THE BEST I CAN.



DO MORE THAN YOU CAN! ASPIRE! DREAM BIG, THEN GET BEHIND IT! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!

PUSH, PUSH, PUSH, WILLIAMS! PUSH, PUSH, PUSH!



CRACK!







ALL THE WHILE, A STORM
WAS BREWING AT CBS...

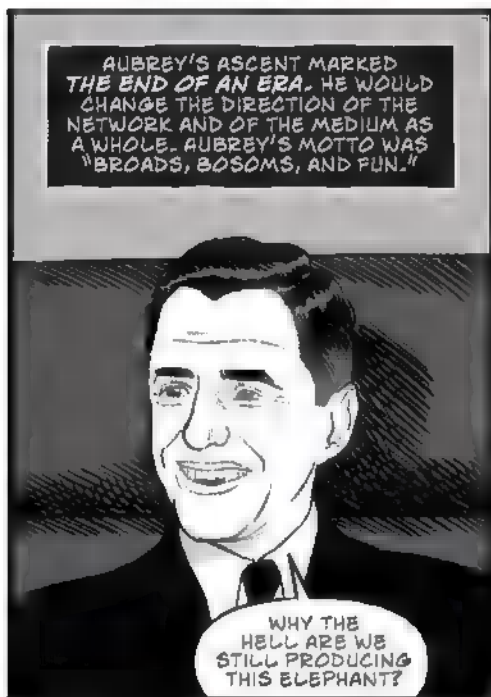


AS PART OF A MAJOR NETWORK SHAKE UP IN '59, JAMES AUBREY—
A.K.A. "THE SMILING COBRA"—WAS NAMED PRESIDENT, REPLACING
LOUIS COWAN WHO WAS DISMISSED DUE TO THE QUIZ SHOW SCANDALS.*



SO YOU'RE
TELLING ME A
SINGLE EPISODE
OF PLAYHOUSE
90 COSTS
\$175,000?

AUBREY'S ASCENT MARKED
THE END OF AN ERA. HE WOULD
CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF THE
NETWORK AND OF THE MEDIUM AS
A WHOLE. AUBREY'S MOTTO WAS
"BROADS, BOSOMS, AND FUN."



WHY THE
HELL ARE WE
STILL PRODUCING
THIS ELEPHANT?

HE WANTED HITS, AND IN ORDER TO HAVE
THOSE HE WOULD APPEAL TO THE LOWEST
COMMON DENOMINATOR WITH SHOWS
LIKE THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES AND
GILLIGAN'S ISLAND.



IT'S MORE THAN
JUST THE BOTTOM LINE
WITH PLAYHOUSE 90, IT'S
BEEN THE GEM OF THE
NETWORK FOR
YEARS.

IT LENDS US
PRESTIGE!

YOU CAN'T BUY
BUPKIS WITH **PRESTIGE**.
I WANT A DETAILED COST
ASSESSMENT VS. RETURNS
ON MY DESK TOMORROW
MORNING, **POST
HASTE!**



YES,
SIR.



VERY WELL,
LET'S SEE WHO **ELSE**
IS DRAINING OUR COFFERS.
**AH! THE TWILIGHT ZONE! WHAT
A STRANGE, STRANGE SHOW.
\$65,000 AN EPISODE! FOR
HALF AN HOUR! THAT'S
OUTRAGEOUS.**

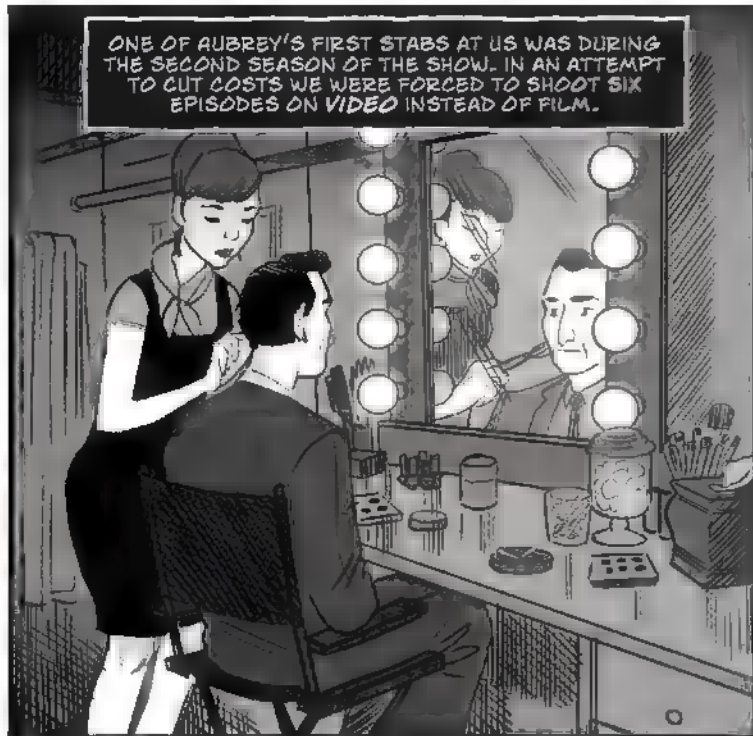


AND SO BEGAN A TUG OF WAR
BETWEEN THE NETWORK AND ME.
DURING THE FOLLOWING SEASONS,
AUBREY WOULD CHOP THE BUDGET
DOWN **BIT BY BIT**, 'TIL THERE WAS
ALMOST **NOTHING LEFT**.



*IN THE 1950S SEVERAL QUIZ SHOWS, SUCH AS THE \$64,000 QUESTION, TURNED OUT TO BE RIGGED.
CONTESTANTS WERE GIVEN THE ANSWERS AHEAD OF THE SHOW.

ONE OF AUBREY'S FIRST STABS AT US WAS DURING THE SECOND SEASON OF THE SHOW. IN AN ATTEMPT TO CUT COSTS WE WERE FORCED TO SHOOT SIX EPISODES ON VIDEO INSTEAD OF FILM.



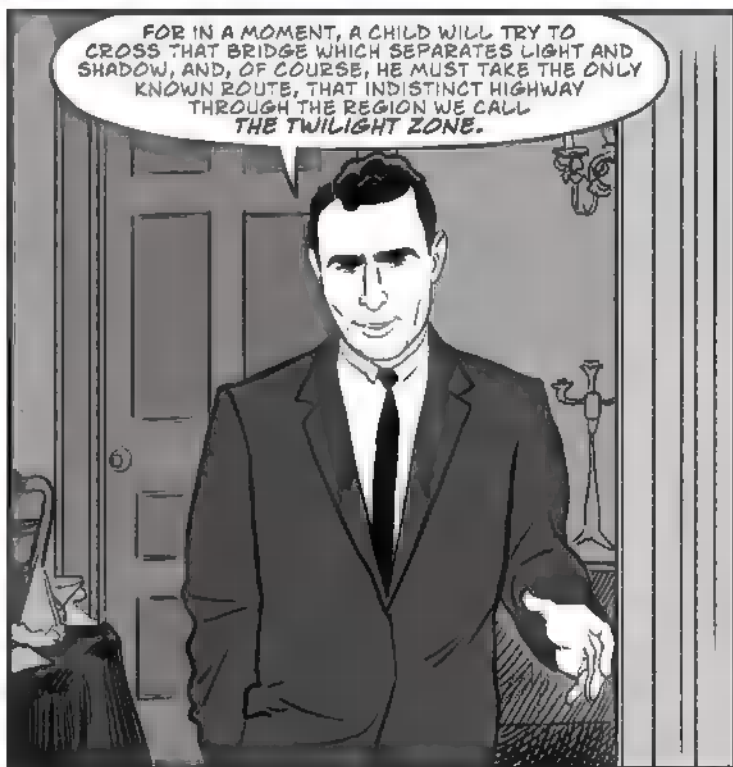
AS MUST BE OBVIOUS, THIS IS A HOUSE HOVERED OVER BY MR. DEATH, THAT OMNIPRESENT PLAYER TO THE THIRD AND FINAL ACT OF EVERY LIFE. AND IT'S BEEN SAID, AND PROBABLY RIGHTFULLY SO---



--THAT WHAT FOLLOWS THIS LIFE IS ONE OF THE UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERIES, AN AREA OF DARKNESS WHICH WE, THE LIVING, RESERVE FOR THE DEAD--



FOR IN A MOMENT, A CHILD WILL TRY TO CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHICH SEPARATES LIGHT AND SHADOW, AND, OF COURSE, HE MUST TAKE THE ONLY KNOWN ROUTE, THAT INDISTINCT HIGHWAY THROUGH THE REGION WE CALL THE TWILIGHT ZONE.



THIS IS AWFUL, BUCK, AWFUL!

COME ON, ROD! IT'S NOT THAT BAD.



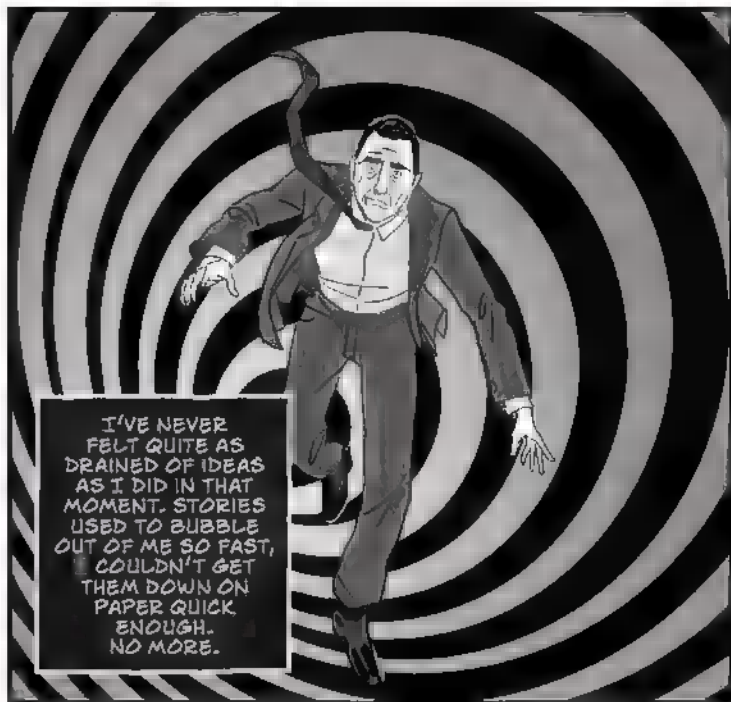




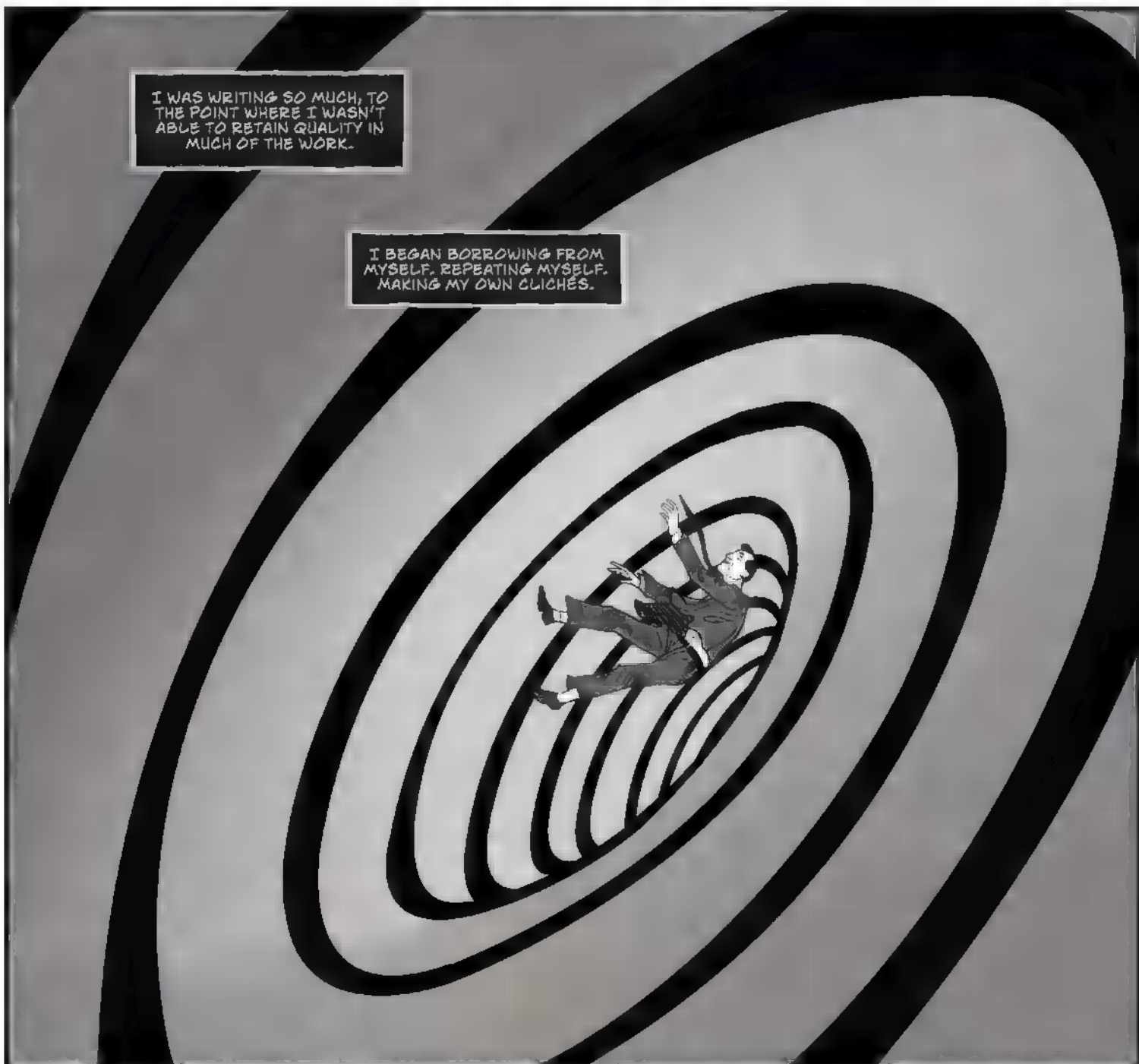




AS SEASON THREE OF *THE TWILIGHT ZONE* ROLLED IN, I BEGAN TO RUN OUT OF STEAM.

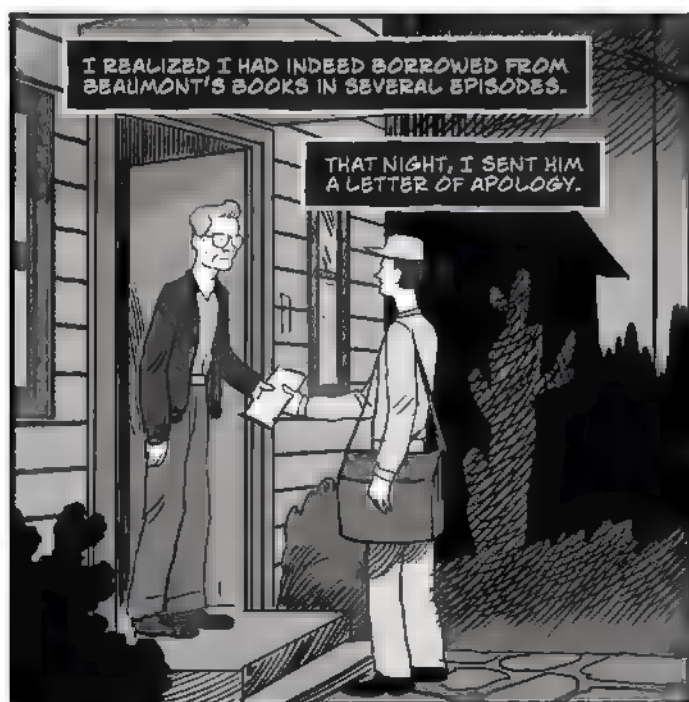


I'VE NEVER FELT QUITE AS DRAINED OF IDEAS AS I DID IN THAT MOMENT. STORIES USED TO BUBBLE OUT OF ME SO FAST, COULDN'T GET THEM DOWN ON PAPER QUICK ENOUGH. NO MORE.

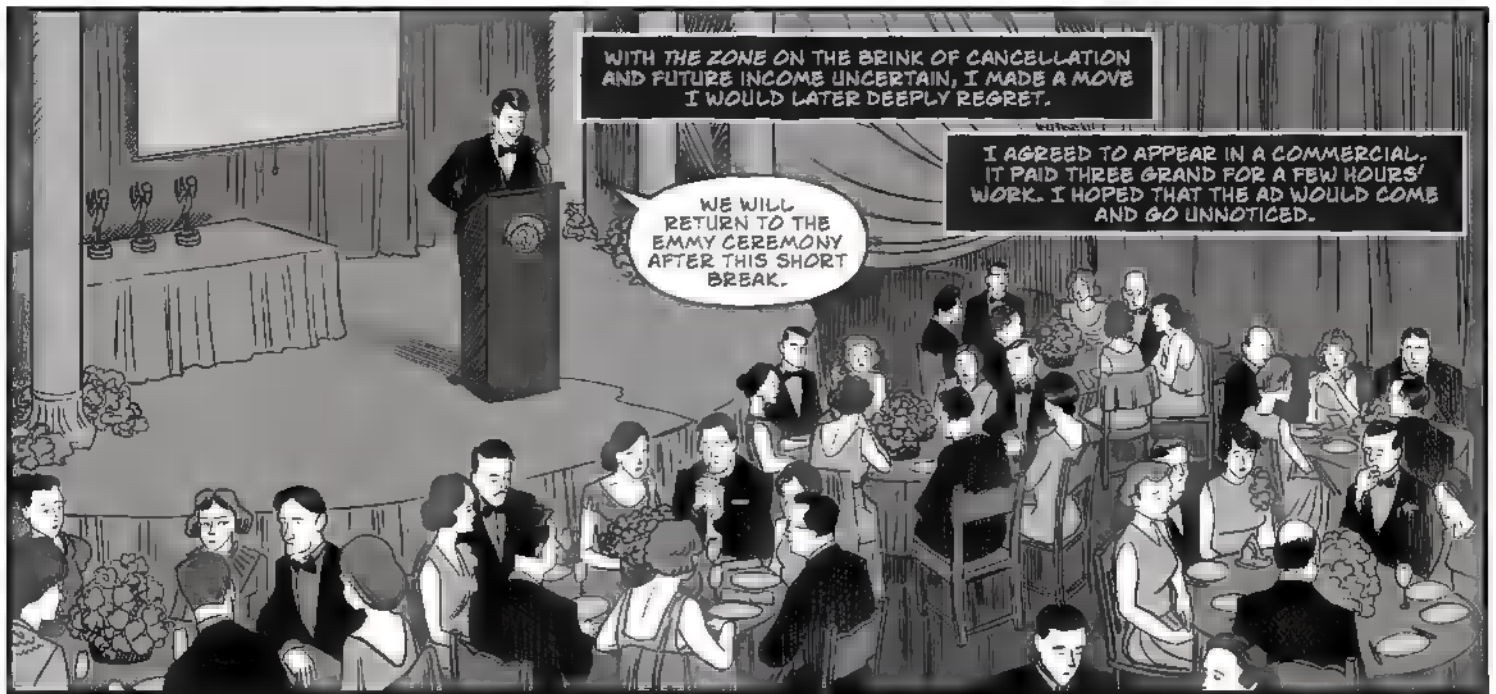


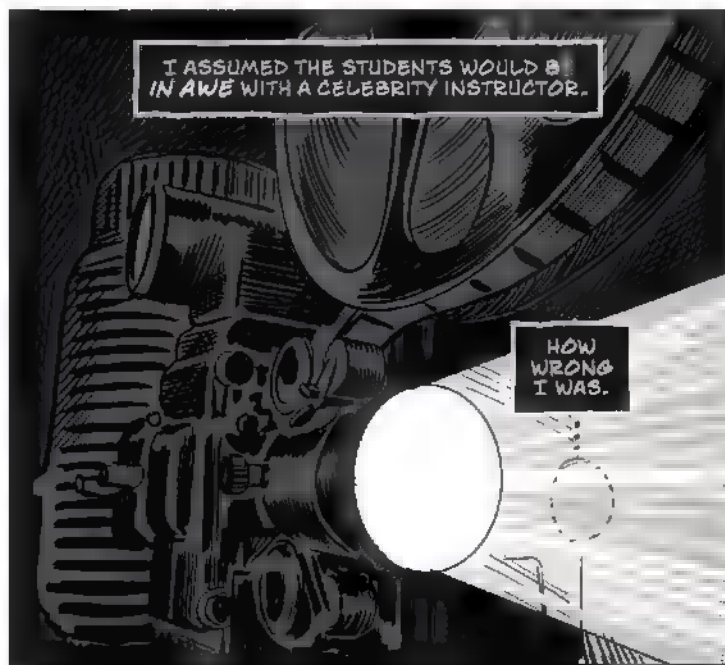
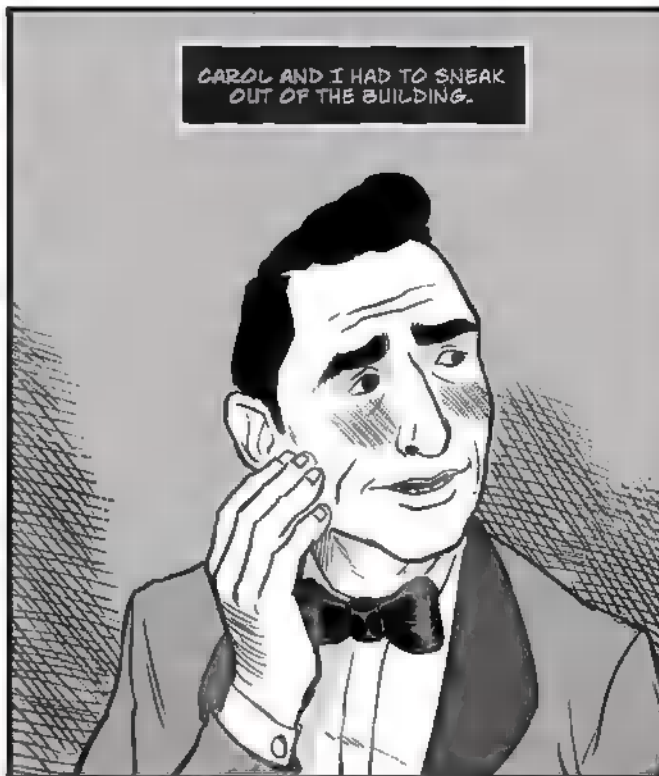
I WAS WRITING SO MUCH, TO THE POINT WHERE I WASN'T ABLE TO RETAIN QUALITY IN MUCH OF THE WORK.

I BEGAN BORROWING FROM MYSELF. REPEATING MYSELF. MAKING MY OWN CLICHÉS.







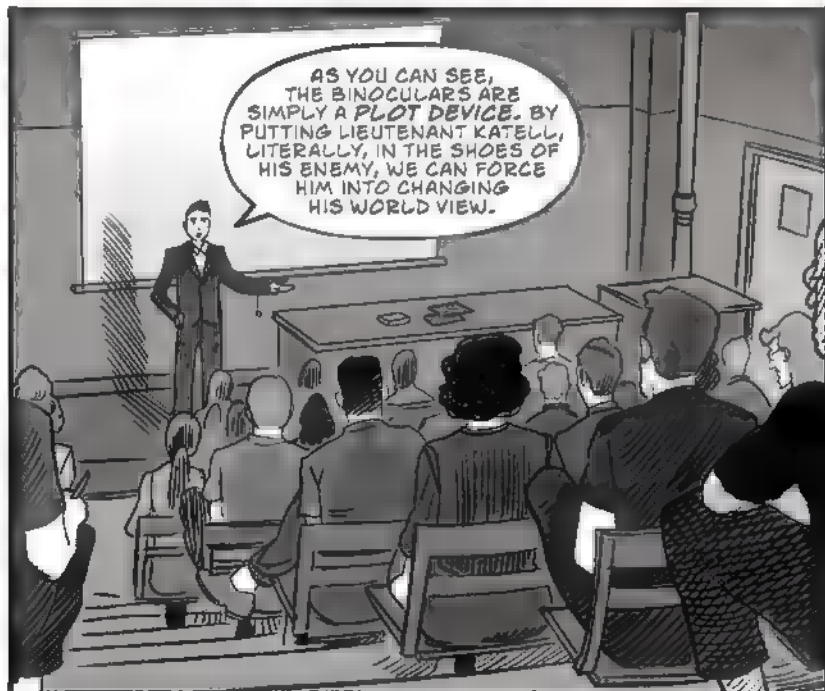




MAY I ASK
THE CAPTAIN,
WHAT IS HIS
PLEASURE?
HOW MANY
MUST DIE
BEFORE HE IS
SATISFIED?



OFFHAND,
LIEUTENANT YAMURI,
I WOULD SAY **ALL**
OF THEM. I DON'T
CARE WHERE THEY
ARE, **WHO** THEY ARE—
IF THEY ARE THE
ENEMY THEY ARE
TO BE DESTROYED.
FIRST DAY OF THE
WAR, LAST DAY
OF THE WAR,
WE DESTROY
THEM.



AS YOU CAN SEE,
THE BINOCULARS ARE
SIMPLY A **PLOT DEVICE**. BY
PUTTING LIEUTENANT KATELL,
LITERALLY, IN THE SHOES OF
HIS ENEMY, WE CAN FORCE
HIM INTO CHANGING
HIS WORLD VIEW.



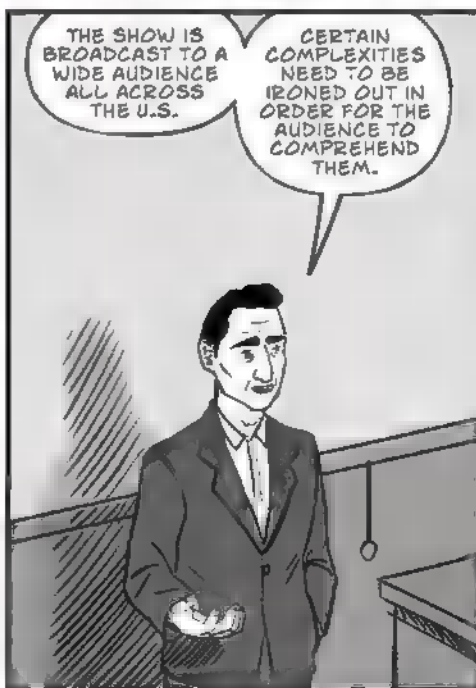
DON'T
YOU THINK
THE METAPHOR
IS A LITTLE
**ON THE
NOSE?**



PLEASE
ELABORATE.



WELL, THE PREMISE IS SOMEWHAT
REDUCTIVE. THIS IS **OBVIOUSLY** YOUR
STAB AT THE VIETNAM WAR. THE SITUATION
THERE IS SO MULTIFACETED AND COMPLEX,
AND YOU FLATTENED THE CHARACTERS
INTO STEREOTYPES. IT'S **KINDER-
GARTEN MORALITY**.



THE SHOW IS
BROADCAST TO A
WIDE AUDIENCE
ALL ACROSS
THE U.S.

CERTAIN
COMPLEXITIES
NEED TO BE
IRONED OUT IN
ORDER FOR THE
AUDIENCE TO
COMPREHEND
THEM.



IF
YOU SAY
SO...

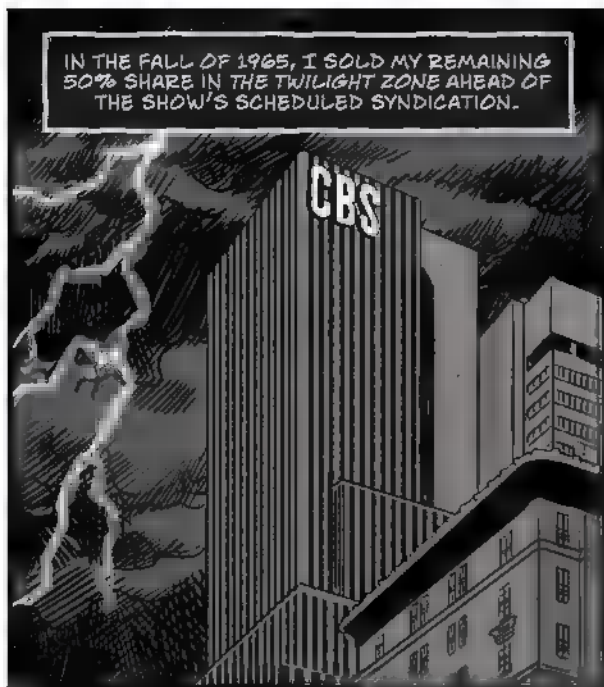
IN JANUARY OF 1964, I FINALLY GOT THE NOTICE.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE ENDED WITH A WHIMPER. AT THAT POINT, THE SHOW HAD FULLY RUN OUT OF STEAM.

WE THREW A LITTLE "WAKE" FOR THE SHOW, INVITING CAST AND CREW TO CELEBRATE A BITTERSWEET END.



IN THE FALL OF 1965, I SOLD MY REMAINING 50% SHARE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE AHEAD OF THE SHOW'S SCHEDULED SYNDICATION.



RECEIVED A SUM CLOSE TO HALF A MILLION DOLLARS FOR THE RIGHTS.



CBS HAD CONVINCED ME THAT THE SHOW WOULD NEVER RECOUP ITS LOSSES. THEY WERE DOING ME A FAVOR.



I WAS SURE MY DECISION WAS SOUND.



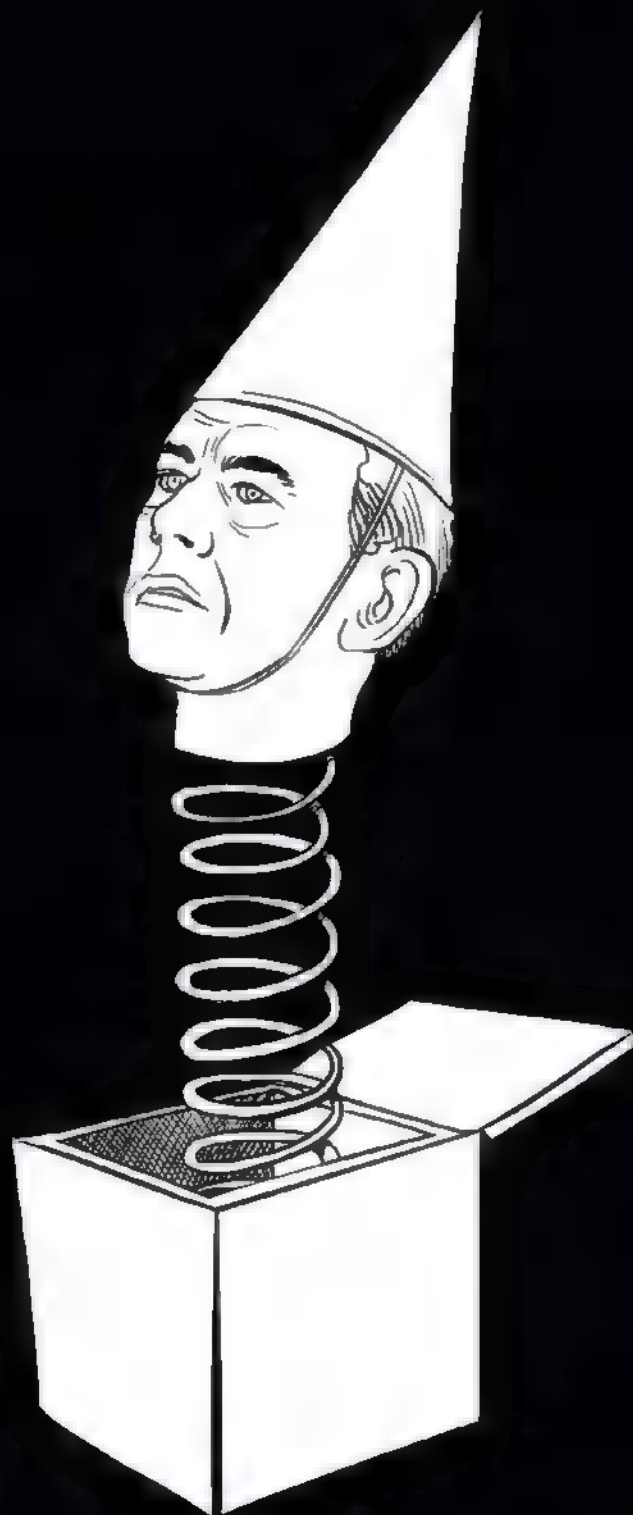
I WOULD LATER GREATLY REGRET THE SALE.



THE TWILIGHT ZONE WOULD SCORE OUTSTANDING RATINGS IN SYNDICATION, BECOMING A CULT HIT.

I WISH I'D HAD MORE LASTING FAITH IN MY OWN CREATION.





PART IV





I WAS NEVER
ABLE TO FULLY
SHAKE THE SPECTER
OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE.
FOR BETTER OR
WORSE.



COME NOW, WITH
ALL YOUR CONNECTIONS
AND MOMENTUM? YOU MUST
HAVE HAD SOMETHING UP
YOUR SLEEVE.



THERE WAS
SOMETHING
BREWING.

A SHOW I
HAD PREVIOUSLY
PITCHED WAS
NOW PUT INTO
GEAR.

THE
LONER....

...IT WAS AN
EXISTENTIAL
WESTERN.

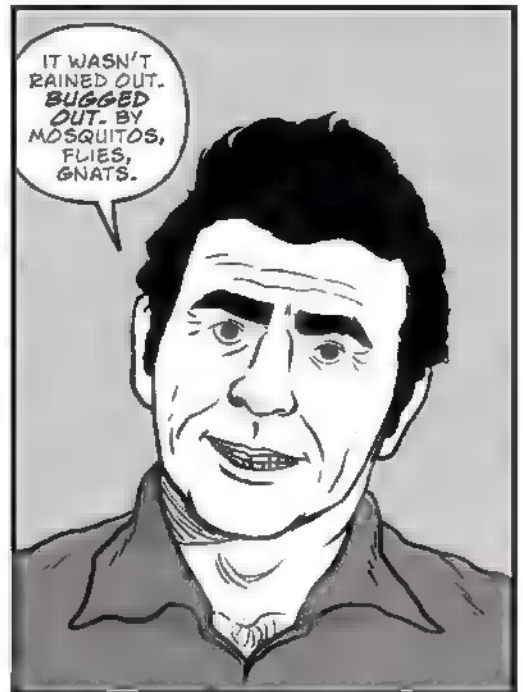


IT FEATURED
A FORMER UNION
CAVALEY WHO WAS
AIMLESSLY DRIFTING
IN THE VASTNESS
OF THE NEW
FRONTIER.

EACH
EPISODE WOULD
SHOWCASE A
NEW ENCOUNTER
ON HIS
JOURNEY.

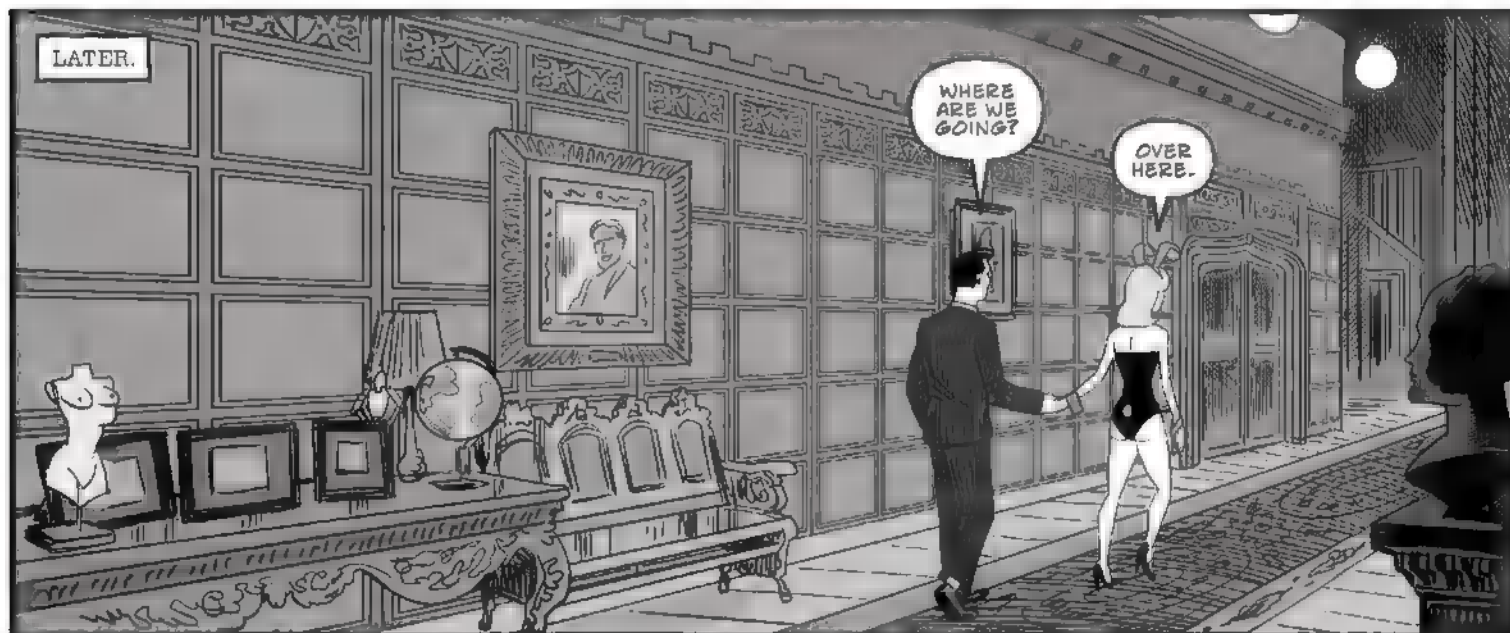
THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE A GOOD
PREMISE.

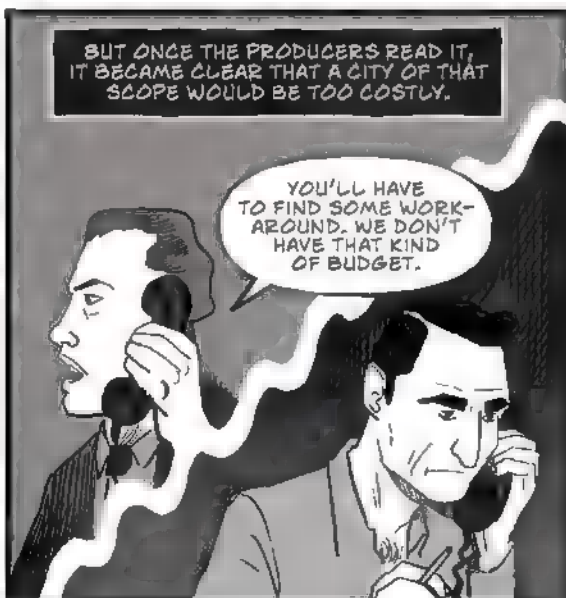
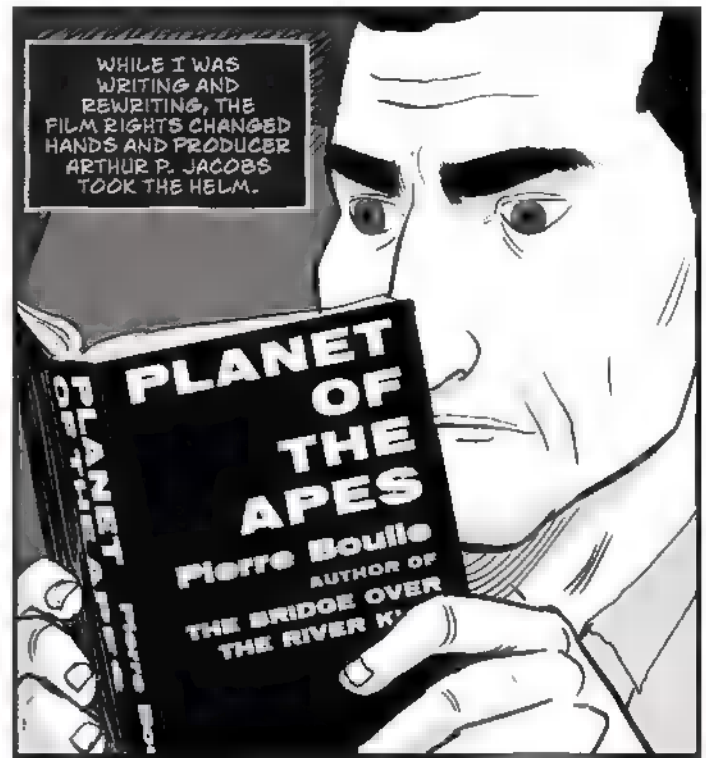


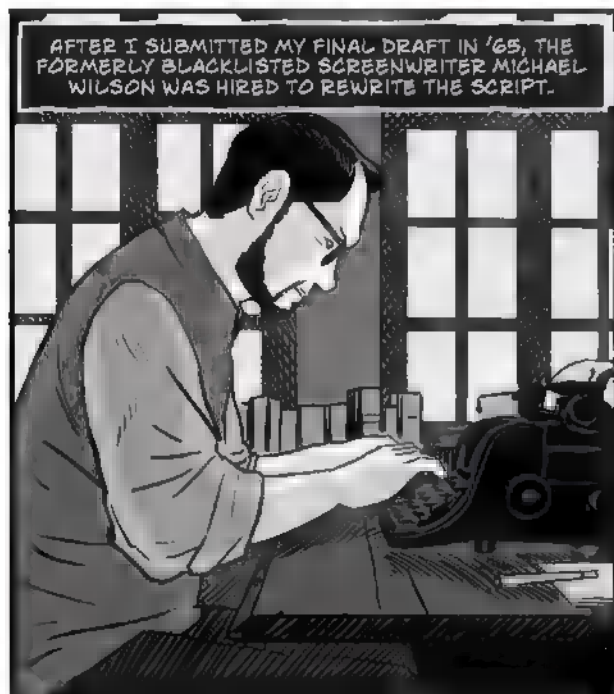
















WELCOME TO TODAY'S MEETING OF THE LIAR'S CLUB. IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS OBJECT IS, OR WHAT IT'S USED FOR, THEN SETTLE BACK! THE TALL TALES ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN!



FIRST, WE'D LIKE YOU TO WELCOME ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT STORYTELLERS, AND PRESIDENT OF THE LIAR'S CLUB, ROD SERLING!



THANK YOU VERY MUCH! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV, AND OVER HERE ARE THREE MEMBERS OF THE KREMLIN RIDING A TRICYCLE.

WE'RE ALL LIARS HERE!



NOW, WE MEET OUR CONTESTANTS. THEY ARE: JUDY SANSORINO, A HOUSEWIFE FROM BURBANK...

AND HER OPPONENT, MR. TOM PAIGE, A STUDENT FROM VAN NUYS.



NOW, OUR PANEL OF LIARS KNOWS THE EXACT DESCRIPTION OF EACH OF OUR OBJECTS. BUT THEY ARE GOING TO TELL YOU DIFFERENT STORIES ABOUT THEM. THE PLAYER THAT RECOGNIZES THE TRUTH THE MOST NUMBER OF TIMES WILL RECEIVE ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!



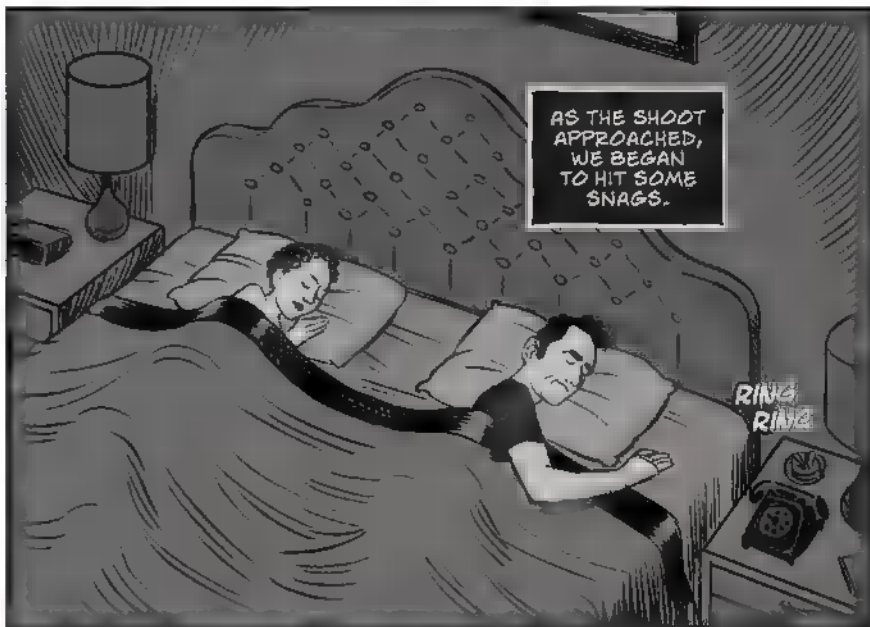
THE OFFERS WERE NOT POURING IN ANYMORE, AND I TOOK WHAT CAME MY WAY. GOD KNOWS THERE WAS NO GOOD REASON FOR ME TO HOST THE LIAR'S CLUB. THE PAY WAS PALTRY.

PERHAPS I JUST ENJOYED BEING ON CAMERA ONCE AGAIN.

IN LATE 1968, *NIGHT GALLERY* WAS GREENLIT--A MADE-FOR-TELEVISION MOVIE PRODUCED BY UNIVERSAL AND CREATED BY ME.



AS THE SHOOT APPROACHED, WE BEGAN TO HIT SOME SNAGS.



HELLO?



WHO IS IT?

IT'S JOAN CRAWFORD.

DOESN'T SHE KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?? I WISH YOU HAD NEVER GIVEN HER OUR HOME PHONE!



YES, JOAN. WHAT IS IT?

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO CALL YOU AT THIS ODD HOUR OF THE NIGHT, BUT I'M TREMENDOUSLY NERVOUS. I'VE NOT BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP FOR DAYS NOW.

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?



IT'S JUST-- WELL, I CAN'T BELIEVE UNIVERSAL WOULD LET A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD CHILD DIRECT A MADE-FOR-TELEVISION MOVIE. THAT'S SIMPLY UNHEARD OF!



I'M SURE THE KID'S HIGHLY CAPABLE IF THEY TRUST HIM TO DIRECT.

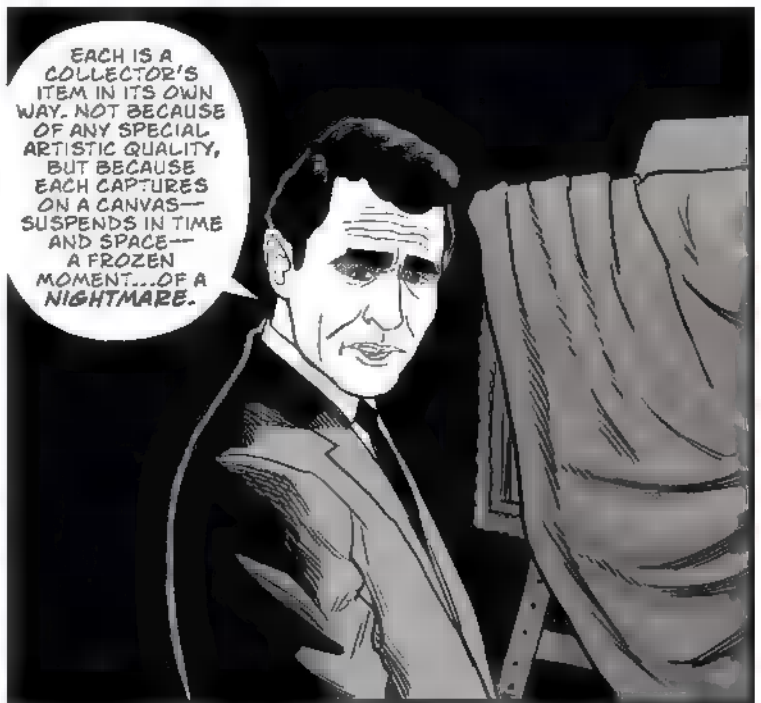


CAPABLE? MY CAREER'S ON THE LINE HERE, ROD! I CAN'T LET A CHILD DIRECT ME. THIS COULD END UP BEING A MAJOR DISASTER!

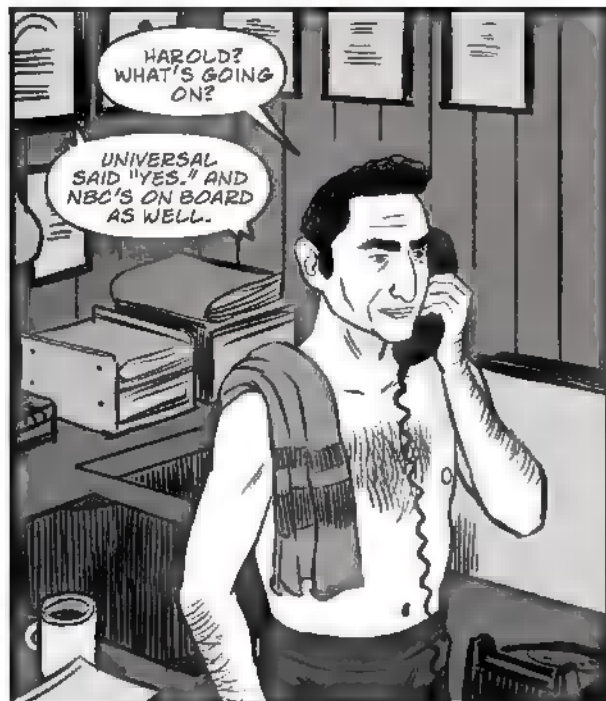
LISTEN, JOAN. TRUST ME, THIS KID-- WHAT WAS HIS NAME...? SPIELBERG!--WILL DO A FABULOUS JOB! WE HAVE A GREAT STORY FOR YOU. HOW ABOUT WE TALK TOMORROW AFTERNOON?

GRUMBLE





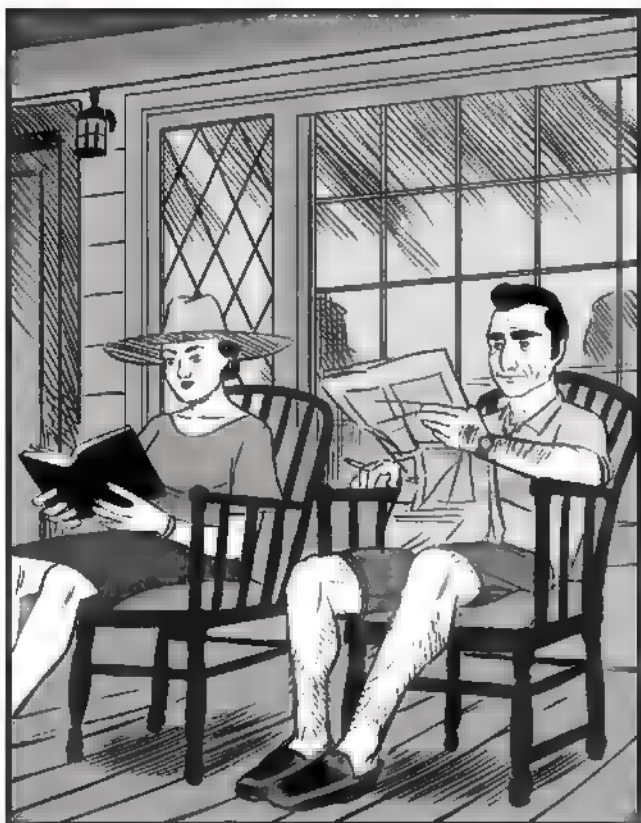




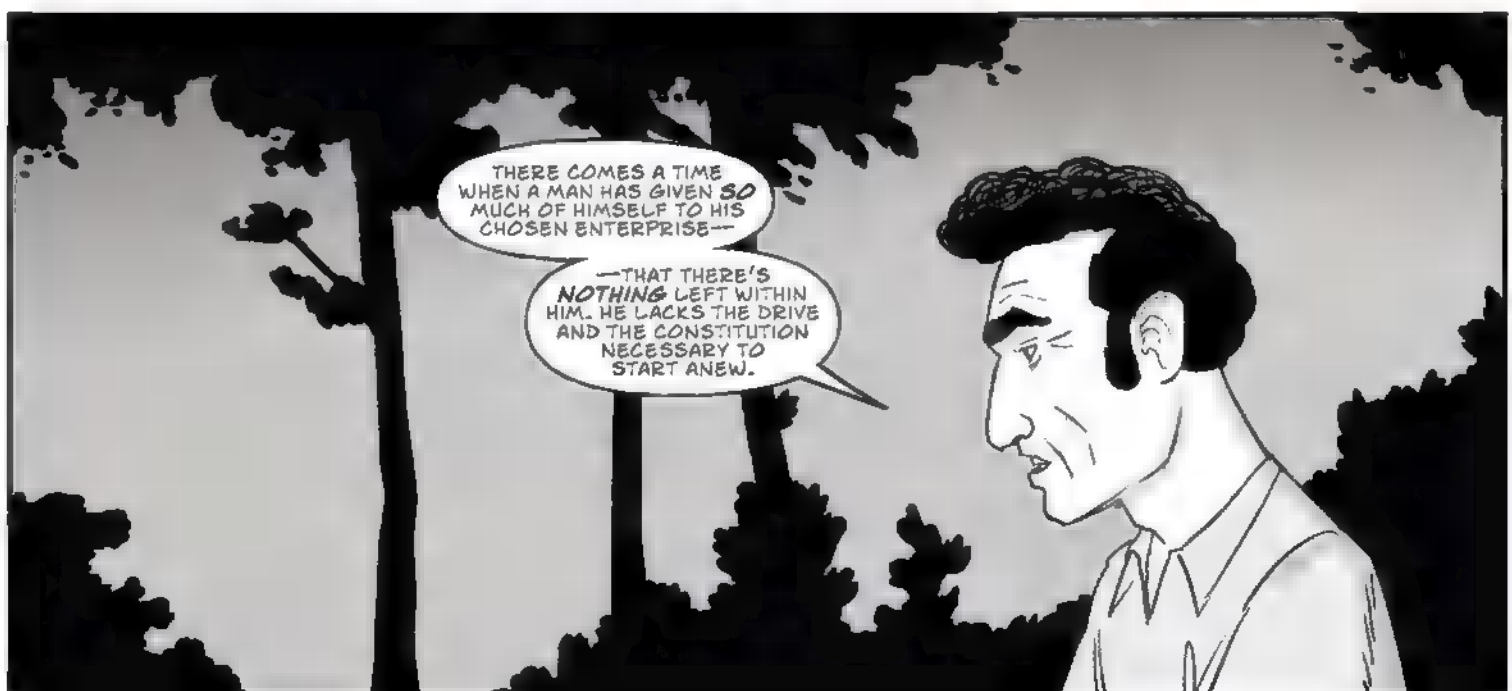
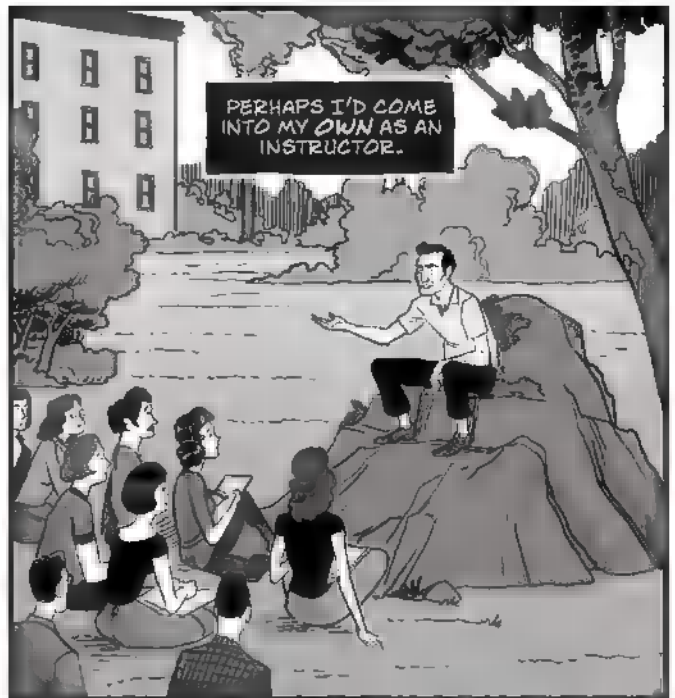




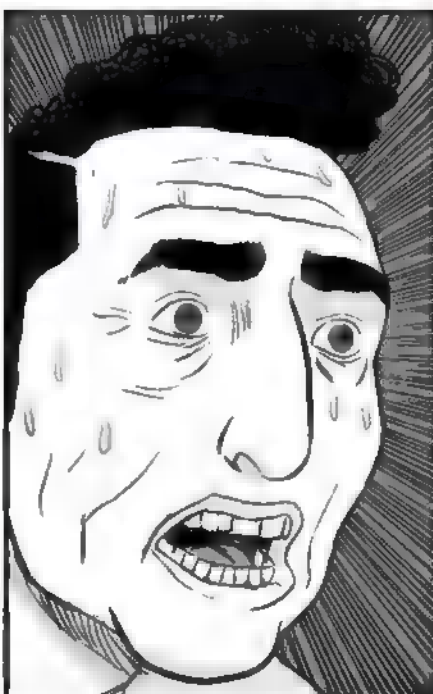
I FOUND MYSELF SPENDING
MORE AND MORE TIME AT MY
LAKE HOUSE IN ITHACA.













I WAS IN CARDIAC ARREST, AND RUSHED TO THE HOSPITAL...



I WAS WATCHING TV LAST NIGHT AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I HEAR YOUR VOICE, THEY HAD "THE HITCH-HIKER" ON!

HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

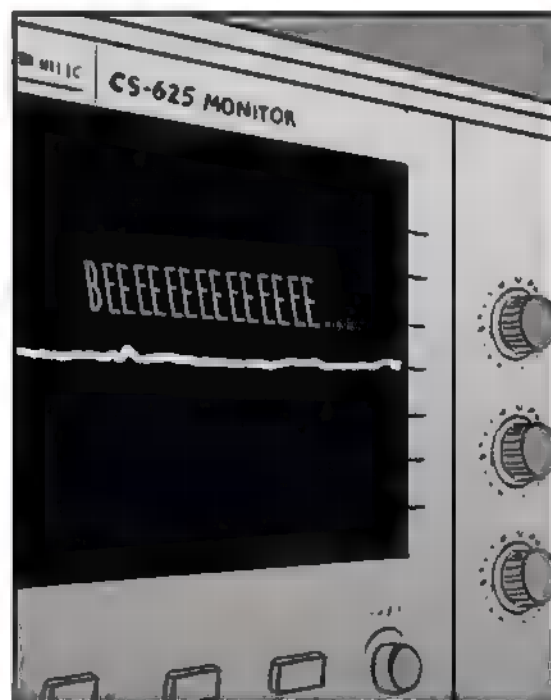
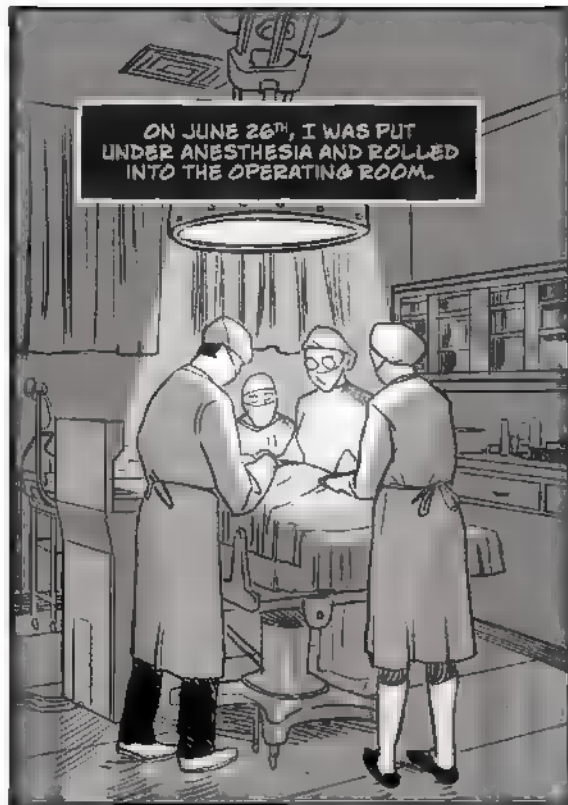


IT'S NOT LOOKING GOOD.

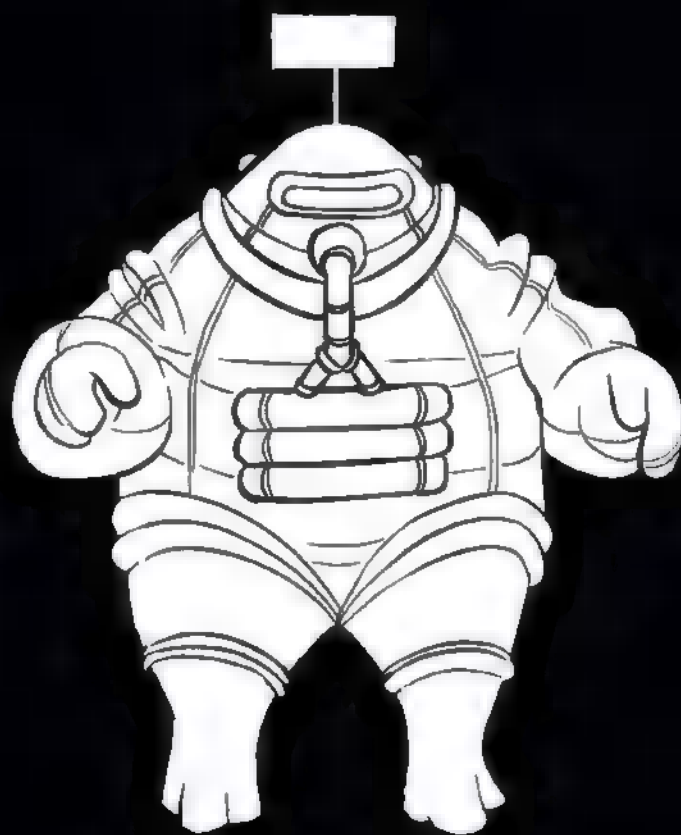


A SECOND, MORE SEVERE HEART ATTACK CAME SEVERAL WEEKS LATER.

THE DOCTORS OPTED FOR OPEN HEART SURGERY, A RELATIVELY NEW, RISKY PROCEDURE.







EPILOGUE







